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THE SPECTRAL CONDOR!

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPT. MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER I.

A CHASE.

In mid-ocean—the Pacific. The ships are within sight of one another, less than a league apart. Both are sailing before the wind, running dead down it with full canvass spread. Not side by side, but one in the wake of the other.

Is it a chase?

To all appearance it is; a probability strengthened by the relative size and character of the ships. One is a barque, polacca-masted, her masts raking back with the acute shark's-fin set supposed to be characteristic of the pirate. The other is a ship, square-rigged and full-sized; a row of real, not painted ports, with a gun grinning out of each, proclaiming her a man-of-war. She is one—a frigate, as any seaman would say, after giving her a glance; and any landsman might name her nationality. The flag at her peak is one known all over the world. It is the "Union-jack" of England.

If it be a chase, she is the pursuer. Her colors might be accepted as surety of this, without regard to the relative position of the vessels: which shew the frigate astern, the polacca leading.

The latter also carries a flag; of nationality not so easily determined. Still is it the ensign of a naval power, though one of little note. The five-pointed white star, solitary in a blue field, proclaims it the standard of Chili.

Why should an English frigate be chasing a Chilian barque? There is no war between Great Britain and Chili, the most prosperous of the South American republics. Instead, peace-treaties, with relations of the most amicable kind. Were the polacca flying a flag of blood-red, or black, with death's-head and cross-bones, the chase would be intelligible. But the bit of bunting at her mast-head shows nothing on its field either of menace or defiance. On the contrary, it appeals to pity, and asks for aid. For it is an ensign reversed—in short, a *signal of distress*.

And yet the ship showing it is scudding before a stiff breeze, with all sail set, stays taut, not a rope out of place! Strange this. Just the thought of every one aboard the man-of-war, from the captain commanding to the latest joined "lubber of a landsman;" a thought that has been in their minds ever since the chase commenced.

For it is a chase: that is, the frigate has sighted a sail, and stood towards it. This without changing course, as, when first espied, the stranger, like herself, was running before the wind. If slowly, the frigate has been gradually forging nearer the pursued vessel; till at length the telescope tells her to be a barque—revealing also the ensign reversed.

Nothing strange in this, of itself; unfortunately, a sight too common at sea. But that a vessel displaying signals of distress should be carrying all sail, and running away, or attempting to run away, from another making to relieve her—above all, from a ship bearing the British flag—this is strange. And just thus has the polacca been acting—still is; sailing on down the wind, without slacking halyards, or lessening her spread of canvas by a single inch. Certainly her behavior is unaccountable. More than strange—it is mysterious.

To this conclusion have they come on board the war-ship. And, naturally enough, for there is that which has imbued their thoughts with a tinge of superstition. In addition to what they see, they have something heard. Within the week they have spoken two vessels, both of which reported this same barque, or one answering her description: "Polacca-masted, all sail set, ensign reversed."

A British brig, which the frigate's boat had boarded, said: that such a craft had run across her bows so close, they could have thrown a rope to her; that at first no one was seen aboard, but on being hailed, two men made appearance, both springing up to the main-shrouds; thence answering the hail in a language altogether unintelligible, and with hoarse croaking voices that resembled the barking of muzzled mastiffs!

It was late twilight, almost night, when this occurred; but the brig's people could make out the figures of the men, as they clung on to the ratlines. And what surprised them equally with the odd speech, was, that both appeared to be clothed in skin-dresses, covering their bodies from head to foot! Seeing the signal of distress, the brig would have sent her boat aboard; but the barque gave no chance for this, keeping on without slacking sail, or showing any other sign of a wish to communicate!

Standing by itself, the tale of the brig's crew might have been taken for a sailor's yarn; and as they admitted it to be "almost night," the obscurity would account for the skin-clothing. But, coupled with the report of another vessel, which the frigate had since spoken—a whaler—it seemed to receive full corroboration. The words sent through the whaler's trumpet were: "Barque sighted, latitude 10.23 S., longitude 95 W. polacca-masted. All sail set. Ensign reversed. Chilian. Men seen on board covered with red hair, supposed skin-dresses. Tried to come up, but could not. Barque a fast sailor—went away down wind."

Already in receipt of such intelligence, it is no wonder that the frigate's crew feel something more than mere surprise at sight of a vessel corresponding to that about which these strange tales have been told. For they are now near enough the barque to see that she answers the description given: "Polacca-masted—all sail set—ensign reversed—Chilian."

And her behavior is as reported: sailing away from those who wish to answer her appealing signal, to all appearance endeavoring to shun them! Only now has the chase in reality commenced. Hitherto the frigate was but keeping her own course. But the signal of distress, just sighted through the telescope, has drawn her on; and with canvas crowded she steers straight for the polacca. The latter is unquestionably a fast sailor; but although too swift for the whaler, she is not a match for the man-of-war. Still she is no tub, and the chase is likely to be a long one.

As it continues, and the distance does not appear very much, or very rapidly diminishing, the frigate's crew begin to doubt whether the strange craft will ever be overtaken. On the fore-deck the tars stand in groups, mingled with marines, their eyes bent upon the retreating barque, pronouncing their comments in muttered tones, many of the men with brows o'ercast; for a fancy has sprung up around the forecastle, that the chased ship is no ship at all, but a phantom! This fancy is gradually growing into a belief; faster as they draw nearer, and with naked eye note her correspondence with the reports of the spoken vessels.

They have not yet seen the skin-clad men—if men they be. More like, imagine some, they will prove to be spectres!

While on the quarter-deck there is no such superstitious fancy, a feeling almost as intense agitates the minds of those there assembled. The captain, surrounded by his officers, stands glass in hand, gazing at the sail ahead. The frigate, though a fine vessel, is not one of the fastest sailors; else she might long ago have lapped upon the polacca. Still has she been gradually gaining, and is now less than a league astern. But the breeze has been also gradually declining, which is against her; and for the last half-hour she has barely preserved her distance from the barque.

To compensate for this, she runs out studding-sails on all her yards, even to the royals; and again makes an effort to bring the chase to a termination. But again is there disappointment.

"To no purpose now," says her commander, as he sees his last sail set. Then adding, as he casts a glance at the sky, sternwards: "The wind's going down. In ten minutes more we'll be becalmed."

Those around need not to be told this. The youngest reefer there, looking at sky and sea, can forecast the calm.

In five minutes after, the frigate's sails are flapping against the masts, and her flag hangs half-folded.

In five more, the sails only show motion by an occasional clout; while the bunting droops dead downward.

Within the ten minutes, as her captain predicted, the huge war-ship, despite her extended canvas, lies motionless on the sea.

CHAPTER II.

A CALL FOR BOARDERS.

The frigate is becalmed—what of the barque? Has she been similarly checked in her course? The question is asked by all on board the war-ship, each seeking the answer for himself. For all are earnestly gazing at the strange sail, regardless of their own condition.

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.—(See poem fourth page.)

Forward, the superstitious thought has become intensified into something like fear. A calm coming on so suddenly, just when they had hopes of overhauling the chased vessel—what could that mean? Old sailors shake their heads, refusing to make answer; while young ones, less cautious of speech, boldly pronounce the polacca a spectre! The legends of the Phantom Ship and Flying Dutchman are in their thoughts, and on their lips, as they stand straining their eyes after the still receding vessel; for beyond doubt does she sail on with waves rippling around her!

"As I told ye, mates," remarks an old tar, "we'd never catch up with that craft—not if we stood after her till doomsday. And doomsday it might be for us, if we did."

"I hope she'll keep on, and leave us a good spell behind," rejoins a second. "It was a foolish thing followin' her; and, for my part, I'll be glad if we never do catch up with her."

"You need have no fear about that," says the first speaker. "Just look! She's making way yet! I believe she can sail as well without wind as with it."

Scarce are the words spoken, when, as if to contradict them, the sails of the chased vessel commence clouting against her masts; while her flag falls folded, and is no longer distinguishable as a signal of distress, or aught else. The breeze that failed the frigate, is now also dead around the barque, which, in like manner, has been caught in the calm.

"What do you make her out, Mr. Black?" asks the frigate's captain of his first, as the two stand looking through their leveled glasses.

"Not anything, sir," replies the lieutenant; "except that she should be Chilian from her colors. I can't see a soul aboard of her. Ah! yonder something shows over the taffrail. Looks like a man's head. It is ducked suddenly."

A short silence succeeds, the commanding officer, busied with his binocular, endeavoring to catch sight of the thing seen by his subordinate. It does not show again.

"Odd," says the captain, resuming speech—"a ship running up signals of distress, at the same time refusing to be relieved! Very odd! Isn't it, gentlemen?" he asks, addressing himself to the group of officers now gathered around.

Unanimous assent to his interrogatory.

"There must be something amiss," he continues. "Can any of you think what it is?"

To this there is a negative response. Lieutenants and midshipmen seem all as puzzled as himself, mystified by the strange barque, and more by her strange behavior.

There are two who have thoughts different from the rest, the third lieutenant, and one of the midshipmen. Less thoughts than imaginings, and these so vague, that neither communicates them to the captain nor to one another. And whatever their fancies, they do not appear pleasant ones, since on the faces of both is an expression of something like anxiety. Slight, and scarcely observable, it is noticed by their comrades standing around. It seems to deepen while they continue to gaze at the becalmed barque, as though due to something seen there. Still they remain silent, keeping the dark thought, if such it be, to themselves.

"Well, gentlemen," says the commanding officer to his assembled subordinates, "I must say this is singular. In all my experience at sea I don't remember anything like it. What trick the Chilian barque—if she be Chilian—is up to, I can't guess, not for the life of me. It cannot be a case of piracy. The craft has no guns; and, if she had, she appears without men to handle them. It's a riddle all round; to get the reading of it we'll have to send a boat to her."

"I don't think we'll get a very willing crew, sir," says the first lieutenant, suggestively. "Forward they're quite superstitious about the character of the chase. Some of them fancy her the Flying Dutchman. When the boatswain pipes for boarders, they'll very likely feel as if his whistle were a signal for them to walk the plank."

The remark causes the captain to smile, as the other officers, though two of the latter abstain from this exhibition of merriment. These are the third lieutenant and midshipman already mentioned, on both of whose brows the cloud still sits, seeming darker than ever.

"Isn't it strange," continues the commander, musingly, "that your genuine British tar, who will board an enemy's ship, crawling across the muzzle of a shotted gun—who has no fear of death in human shape—will act like a scared child when it threatens him in the guise of his satanic majesty? I have no doubt, as you say, Mr. Black, that those fellows by the forecastle are a bit shy about boarding this strange vessel. But let me show you how to send their shyness adrift. I shall do that with a single word!"

The captain steps forward, his subordinates following him. When within speaking distance of the fore-deck, he stops, and makes sign that he has something to say. The tars are all attention.

"My lads," he exclaims, "you see that barque we've been chasing, and at her mast-head a flag reversed—which you know to be a signal of distress. That is a call never to be disregarded by an English ship, much less an English man-of-war. Lieutenant, order a boat to be lowered, and let the boatswain pipe for boarders. Only volunteers will be taken. Those who wish to go will muster on the main-deck."

A loud hurrah responds to the appeal, and, while its echoes are still resounding through the ship, the whole crew seems crowding towards the main-deck. Scores of volunteers present themselves, enough to man every boat aboard.

"Now, gentlemen," says the captain, turning to his officers with a proud expression on his countenance, "there's the British sailor for you. I've said he fears not man. And, when humanity makes call, as you see, neither is he frightened at a fancied ghost."

A second cheer succeeds the speech, mingled with good-humored remarks, though not any loud laughter. The sailors simply acknowledge the compliment their commanding officer has paid them, at the same time feeling that the moment is too solemn for merriment, for their instinct of humanity is yet under control of the weird feeling. As the captain turns aft to the quarter, many of them fall away toward the fore-deck, till the group of volunteers for boarding has got greatly diminished. Still are there enough to man the largest boat in the ship.

"What boat is it to be, sir?"

This question is asked by the first lieutenant, as he follows the captain aft.

"The cutter," answers his superior, adding: "I think, Mr. Black, there's no necessity for sending any other. The cutter's crew will be sufficient. As to any hostility from those on board the stranger, that is absurd. We could blow them out of the water with a single broadside."

"Who's to command the cutter, sir?"

The captain reflects, with a look sent inquiringly around. His eye falls upon the third lieutenant, who stands near, seemingly courting the glance. It is short and decisive. The captain knows his third officer to be a thorough seaman—though young, capable of any duty, however delicate or dangerous. Without further hesitation, he assigns him to the command of the boarders.

The young officer enters upon the service with alacrity—something more than the mere obedience due to discipline. He hastens to the ship's side to superintend the lowering of the boat. He does not stand at rest, but is seen to help and hurry it, with a look of anxious impatience in his eye, and the cloud still observable on his brow. While thus occupied, he is accosted by another officer, one yet younger than himself, the midshipman already mentioned.

"Can I go with you?" the latter asks.

"Certainly, my dear fellow," responds the lieutenant, in a friendly, familiar tone. "I shall be only too pleased to have you. But you must get the captain's consent."

The young officer glides aft, sees the frigate's commander upon the quarter-deck, and saluting, says:

"Captain, may I go with the cutter?"

"Well, yes," responds the chief; "I have no objection." Then, after taking a survey of the youngster, he adds: "Why do you want it?"

The youth blushes, without replying. There is a cast upon his countenance that strikes the questioner, somewhat puzzling him. But there is no time for either inquiry or reflection. The cutter is already lowered, and rests upon the water. Her crew is crowding into her, and she will soon be shoved off from the ship.

"You can go, lad," assents the captain. "Report yourself to the third lieutenant, and tell him I've given you leave. You're young, and, like all youngsters, ambitious of gaining glory. Well, in this affair you won't have much chance, I take it. It's simply boarding a ship in distress, where you'll be more likely to be a spectator of scenes of suffering. However, that will be a lesson for you, and, therefore, you may go."

Thus authorized, the young reefer glides away from the quarter-deck, drops down into the boat, and takes his seat alongside the lieutenant, already there.

The two ships still lie becalmed in the same relative position to one another, having changed from it scarce a cable's length, and stern to stern, just as the last breath of the breeze, blown gently against their sails, forsook them.

On both the canvas is still spread, though not bellied. It hangs limp and loose, giving an occasional flap, so feeble, as to show that it proceeds, not from any stir in the air, but the mere balancing motion of the vessels, for there is now not enough breeze blowing to flout the long feathers in the tail of the tropic bird seen soaring aloft.

Both ships are motionless, their forms reflected in the water, so that each has its counterpart keel to keel.

Between them the sea is as smooth as a mirror—that tranquil calm which has given to the Pacific its distinctive appellation. It is now to be disturbed, furrowed by the bow of the cutter, with her stroke of ten oars, five on each side. Almost as soon as down from the davits, her crew seated on the thwarts, and her coxswain at the tiller, the lieutenant gives the command to shove off. Parting from the frigate's beam, the boat is steered straight for the becalmed barque.

On board the man-of-war all stand watching her, their eyes at intervals directed towards the strange vessel. From the frigate's forward deck the men have an unobstructed view, especially those clustering around the head. Still there is nearly a league between, and with the naked eye this hinders minute observation. They can but see the white-spread sails, and the black hull underneath them. With a glass the flag, now fallen, is just distinguishable from the mast, along which it clings closely. They can perceive that its color is crimson above, with blue and white underneath—the reversed order of the Chilian ensign. Its single star is no longer visible, nor aught of its heraldry, that spoke so appealingly.

But if the sight fails to furnish them with details, these are amply supplied by their excited imaginations. Some of them see men aboard the barque—scores, hundreds! After all she may be a pirate, and the upside-down ensign a decoy. On a tack she may be a swifter sailer than she has shown herself before the wind, and, knowing this, has been but playing with the frigate. If so, God help the cutter's crew!

Besides these conjectures of the common kind, there are those on the frigate's fore-deck who, in truth, fancy the polacca a spectre. As they continue gazing, now at the boat, now at the barque, they expect every moment to see the one sink beneath the sea, and the other sail off, or melt into invisible air.

On the quarter speculation is equally rife, though running in a different channel. There the captain still stands surrounded by his officers, each with glass to his eye leveled upon the strange craft. But they see nought to give them a clue to her character, only the loose spread sails, and the furled flag of distress. They continue gazing till the cutter is close to the barque's beam. Nor yet can they observe any head above the bulwarks, or face peering through the shrouds. The fancy of the forecastle has crept aft among the officers. They, too, begin to feel something of superstitious fear—an awe of the uncanny!

CHAPTER III.

THE CUTTER'S CREW.

Manned by ten stout tars, with as many oars propelling her, the cutter cleaves the water like a knife. The lieutenant, seated in the stern-sheets, with the mid by his side, directs the movements of the boat, while the glances of both are kept constantly upon the barque. In their eyes is an earnest expression, quite different from that of ordinary interrogation.

The men may not observe it; if they do, it is without comprehension of its meaning. They can but think of it as resembling their own, and proceeding from a like cause, for, although with backs turned towards the barque, they cast occasional glances over their shoulders, in which curiosity is commingled with apprehension.

Despite their natural courage, strengthened by the late appeal to their humanity, the awe is again upon them. Insidiously returning as they took their seats in the boat, it increases as they row farther from the ship, and nearer to the strange vessel. Less than half an hour has elapsed, and they are within a cable's length of the latter.

"Hold, now!" commands the lieutenant.

The oar-stroke is instantly suspended, and the blades held aloft. The boat gradually loses way, and at length rests stationary on the tranquil water.

All eyes are bent upon the barque; glances go searchingly along her bulwarks, from poop to prow. No preparations to receive them! No one appears on deck—not a head seen over the rail!

"Barque, ahoy!" hails the lieutenant.

"Barque, ahoy!" is heard in fainter tone.

It is no answer, only the echo of the officer's voice coming from the hollow timbers of the becalmed vessel. There is again silence, more profound than ever, for the sailors in the boat have ceased talking, their awe, now intense, holding them speechless.

"Barque, ahoy!" again shouts the lieutenant, louder than before, but with like result.

As before, he is only answered by echo. There is neither nobody aboard, or no one who thinks it worth while to make rejoinder. The first supposition seems absurd, looking at the sail, the second, equally so, regarding the flag at the main royal mast-head, and taking into account its character. A third hail from the officer, this time vociferated in the loudest voice, with the interrogatory added:

"Any one aboard?"

To the question no reply, any more than to the hail. Silence continues—stillness intense, awe-inspiring. They in the boat begin to doubt the evidence of their senses. *Is* there a barque before their eyes? Or is it all an illusion? How can a vessel be under sail—full sail—without sailors? And if any, why do they not show at her side? Why have they not answered the hail thrice shouted; the last time loud enough to be heard within her hold? It should have awakened her crew even if asleep in the forecastle!

"Give way again!" cries the lieutenant. "Bring up on the starbord side, coxwain; under the fore-chains."

The oars are dipped, and the cutter moves on. But scarce is she in motion, when once more the officer commands: "Hold!"

With his voice mingle others, coming from the barque. Her people seem at length to have become aroused from their sleep, or stupor. A noise is heard upon her deck as if of a scuffle, accompanied by cries of strange intonation. Soon two heads, apparently human, show above the bulwarks; two face flesh-colored, and thinly covered with hair. Then the whole bodies appear, also human like, save that they are hairy all over—hair of a foxy red. They swarm up the shrouds; and clutching the ratlines, shake them with quick, violent jerks; at the same time uttering what appears angry speech, in an unknown tongue and harsh voice, as if chiding off the intruders. Only a short way up the shrouds, just as far as they could spring from the deck, and only staying a little while there. Then they drop down again, disappearing as abruptly as they had shown themselves.

The lieutenant's command was a word thrown away. Without it the men would have discontinued their stroke. They have done so, and sit with bated breath, eyes strained, ears listening, and lips mute, as if all had been suddenly and simultaneously struck dumb. Silence throughout the boat—silence aboard the barque—silence everywhere; the only sound heard being the "drip-drop" of the water, as it falls from the feathered oar-blades.

For a time the cutter's crew remain speechless, not one essaying to speak a word. They are so, less from surprise, than sheer, stark terror. It is depicted on their faces, and no wonder it should. What they had just seen is sufficient to terrify the stoniest hearts—even those of tried tars, as all of them are. A ship manned by hairy men—a crew of veritable Orsons! Certainly enough to startle the most phlegmatic mariner, and make him tremble as he tugs at the oar. But they have ceased tugging at their oars, and hold them, blades suspended, along with their breath. One alone musters sufficient courage to mutter out: "Gracious goodness, shipmates, what can it mean?"

He receives no answer, though the silence comes to an end. It is broken by the voice of the lieutenant, and also that of the junior officer. They do not speak simultaneously, but one after the other. The superstitious fear pervading the minds of the men does not extend to them. They, too, have their fears, but of a different kind, and from a different cause. As yet, neither has communicated to the other what he himself has been thinking; the thoughts of both being hitherto vague, but every moment becoming more defined. And the appearance of the red men upon the ratlines—strange to the sailors—seems to have made things more intelligible to them. Judging by the expression upon their faces, they comprehend what has puzzled their companions, and with a sense of anxiety more than fear, more of doubt than dismay.

The lieutenant speaks first, shouting out in command: "Give way! Quick! Pull in! Head on for the fore-chains!"

He acts in an excited manner, appearing nervously impatient. As if mechanically, the midshipman repeats the order, imitating the mien of his superior. The men execute it, but slowly, and with evident reluctance. They know their officers to be daring fellows both. But now they deem them rash, even to recklessness, for they cannot comprehend the motives urging them to action. Still they obey; and the prow of the boat strikes the barque abeam.

"Grapple on!" sings out the senior officer, soon as touching. A boat hook takes grip in the chains; and the cutter, swinging round, lies at rest alongside. The lieutenant is already on his feet, as also the mid. Ordering only the coxswain to follow, they spring up to the chains, lay hold, and lift themselves aloft.

Obedient to orders, the men remain in the boat; still keeping their seats on the thwarts, in wonder at the bold bearing of their officers, at the same time silently admiring it.

Balancing themselves on the rail, the latter look down upon the deck of the polacca. Their glances swept it forward, aft, and amidships; ranging from stem to stern, and back again. Nothing seen there to explain the strangeness of things, nothing heard. No sailor on deck, nor officer on the quarter! Only the two strange beings that had shown themselves on the shrouds. These are still visible, one of them standing by the mainmast, the other crouching near the caboose. Both again give out their jabbering speech, accompanying it with gestures of menace. Disregarding this, the lieutenant leaps down upon the deck, and makes towards them; the mid and coxswain keeping close after.

At their approach, the hirsute monsters retreat, not scared though, but with a show of defiance, as if disposed to contest possession of the place. They give back, however, bit by bit, till at length, ceasing to dispute, they shuffle towards the quarter, and then on to the poop. Neither of the two officers pay any attention to their demonstration; and the movement aft is not made for them. Both lieutenant and midshipman seem excited by other thoughts, some stronger impulse urging them on. Alone is the coxwain mystified by the hairy men, and not a little alarmed; but without speaking, he follows his superiors.

They continue on toward the quarter deck, making for the cabin door. Having boarded the barque by the fore-chains, they must pass the caboose going aft. Its sliding panel is open, and when opposite, all three come to a stand. They are brought to it by a faint cry issuing out of the cook's quarters. Looking in, they behold a spectacle sufficiently singular to detain them. It is more than singular—it is startling. On the bench in front of the galley fire, which shows as if long extinguished, sits a man, bolt upright, his back against the bulkhead. Is it a man, or only the dead body of one? Certainly it is a human figure; or, speaking more precisely, a human skeleton with the skin still on; this as black as the coal-cinders in the grate in front of it.

It is a man, a negro, and still living; for at sight of them he betrays motion, and makes an attempt to speak.

Only the coxswain stays to listen, or hear what he has to say. The others hurry on aft, making direct for the door of the cabin, which, between decks, is approached by a stairway. Reaching this they rush down, and stand before the door, which they find shut. Only closed, not locked. It yields to the turning of the handle, and opening gives them admission. They enter hastily, one after the other, without ceremony or announcement. Once inside, they as quickly come to a stop, both looking aghast. The spectacle in the caboose was nought to what is now before their eyes. That was but startling, this is appalling.

It is the main-cabin they have entered, not a large one, for the polacca has not been intended to carry passengers. Still it is snug and roomy enough for a table six feet by four. Such a one stands in its centre, its legs fixed in the floor, with four chairs around it, similarly stanchioned.

On the table there are decanters and dishes, alongside glasses and plates. It is a dessert service, and on the dishes are fruits, cakes, and sweetmeats, with fragments of these upon the plates. The decanters contain wines of different sorts, and there are appearances as of wine having been in the glasses.

There are four sets, corresponding to the four chairs; and, to all appearance, this number of guests have been seated at the table. But two of the chairs are empty, as if their occupants had retired to an inner state-room. It is the side seats that are unoccupied, and a fan lying on one, with a scarf over the back of that opposite, proclaim their last occupants to have been ladies.

Two guests are still at the table, one at its head, the other at its foot, facing each other. And such guests! Both are men, though, unlike him in the caboose, they are white. But, like him, they too appear in the extreme of emaciation: jaws with the skin drawn tightly over them, cheek-bones prominent, chins protruding, eyes sunken in their sockets.

Not dead either; for their eyes, glancing and glaring, still show life. But there is little other evidence of it. Sitting stiff in the chairs, rigidly erect, they make no attempt to stir, no motion of either body or limbs, which seem as if from both all strength had departed, their famished figures denoting the last stages of starvation! And this in front of a table furnished with choice wines, fruits and other comestibles; in short, loaded with delicacies! What can it all mean?

Not this question, but a cry comes from the lips of the two officers, as they stand regarding the strange tableau. Only for an instant. Then the lieutenant, rushing back up the stairs, and on to the side, calls out:

"To the ship, and bring the doctor! Quick, quick!"

The boat's crew, obedient, row off with alacrity. They are but too glad to get away from the suspected spot. As they strain at their oars, with faces turned towards the barque, and eyes wonderingly bent upon her, they see nought to give them a clue to the conduct of their officers, or in any way elucidate the series of mysteries, now prolonged to a chain. One imbued with a strong belief in the supernatural, shakes his head, saying:

"Shipmates, we may never see that lieutenant again, nor the young reefer, nor the old cox'n—never!"

* * * * *

During all this time those on board the man-of-war have stood regarding the barque—at the same time watching the movements of the boat. Only they who have glasses can see what is passing with any distinctness, for the day is not a bright one, a haze over the sea hindering observation. It has arisen since the fall of the wind, perhaps caused by the calm; and though but a mere film, at such far distance it interferes with the view through the telescopes. Those using them can just tell that the cutter has closed in upon the strange vessel, and is lying along under the foremast shrouds, while some of her crew appear to have swarmed up the chains. This cannot be told for certain. The haze around the barque is more dense than elsewhere, as if steam were passing off from her sides, and through this objects show only confusedly.

While the frigate's people are straining their eyes to make out the movements of the cutter, an officer, of sharper sight than the rest, cries:

"See! the boat is coming back."

All perceive this, and with some surprise. It is not five minutes since the boat grappled on. Why returning so soon?

While they are conjecturing as to the cause, the same officer again observes something that has escaped the others. There are but *eight* oars, instead of ten—the regulation strength of the cutter—and ten men where before there were thirteen. Three of the boat's crew have remained behind.

This causes neither alarm nor uneasiness to the frigate's officers. They take it that the three have gone aboard the barque, and for some reason, whatever it be, elected to stay there. They know the third lieutenant to be not only brave, but a man of quick decision, and prompt to act. He has boarded the distressed vessel, discovered the cause of distress, and sent the cutter back to bring whatever may be needed for her relief. Thus reasons the quarterdeck.

It is different on the fore, where apprehensions are rife about their missing shipmates; fears that some misfortune has befallen them. True, no shots have been heard, nor flashes seen. Still they could have been killed without firearms; and savages might use other and less noisy weapons. The tale of the skin-clad crew gives color to this supposition. But then the crew of the cutter went armed—in addition to their cutlasses, being provided with pikes and boarding-pistols. Had they been attacked, they would not have retreated without discharging the last—less likely leaving three of their number behind. But there have been no signs of strife or struggle seen! All the more mystery; and pondering upon it, the frigate's crew are but strengthened in their superstitious faith.

Meanwhile, the cutter is making way across the stretch of calm sea that separates the two ships; and although with reduced strength of rowers, cleaves the water quickly. The movements of the men indicate excitement. They pull as if rowing in a regatta.

Soon they are near enough to be individually recognised; when it is seen that neither of the two officers is in the boat; nor the coxswain, one of the oarsmen having taken his place at the tiller.

As the boat draws nearer, and the faces of the two men seated in the stern-sheets can be distinguished, there is observed upon them an expression which none can interpret. No one tries. All stand silently waiting till the cutter comes along side, and sweeping past the bows, brings up on the frigate's starboard beam, under the main chains.

The officers move forward along the gangway, and stand looking over the bulwarks; while the men come crowding aft as far as permitted. The curiosity of all receives a check—an abrupt disappointment. There is no news from the barque, save the meagre scrap contained in the lieutenant's order: "Bring the doctor."

Beyond this the cutter's crew only know that they have seen the hairy men. Seen and heard them, though without understanding a word of what they said. Two had sprung upon the shrouds, and shouted at the cutter's people, as if scolding them off!

The tale spreads through the frigate, fore and aft, quick as a train of powder ignited. It is everywhere talked of, and commented on. On the quarter, it is deemed strange enough; while forward, it further intensifies the belief in something supernatural.

The tars give credulous ear to their comrade again repeating what he said in the boat, and in the self-same words: "Shipmates, we may never see that lieutenant again, nor the young reefer, nor the old cox'n—never!

The boding speech seems a prophecy already realised. Scarce has it passed the sailor's lips, when a cry rings through the ship that startles all aboard, thrilling them more intensely than ever.

While the men have been commenting upon the message brought back from the barque, and the officers are taking steps to hasten its execution—the doctor getting out his instruments, with such medicines as the occasion seems to call for—the strange vessel has been for a time unthought of.

The cry just raised recalls her, causing them to rush towards the frigate's side, and once more bend their eyes on the barque.

No, not *on* her; only in the direction where she was last seen. For, to their astonishment, *the polacca has disappeared!*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NATIONAL proverbs and expressions which indicate national character are very numerous and of every degree of expressiveness and merit. Many of them, however, are like Topsy, who was not born, but "jist growed." One that is ascribed to the Chinese is not pithily expressed in the translation, but contains "a world of wisdom." It is this: "A false statement has no feet, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far." There is a proverb more true of the nations a century ago than now, which says: "The Italians are wise before the deed, the Germans in the deed, the French after the deed." The national characteristics of Great Britain and Ireland are briefly told in the answers of an Englishman, Scotchman and Irishman to the question what each would take to stand with his coat off for an hour at the top of a steeple in the rain. They severally answered thus: The Englishman said, "I'll take a pound;" the Scotchman asked, "How much will you gie me?" and the Irishman, "Faix, and I'll take a ecwid."

THERE are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness—this, the awkwardness of a booby, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; that, a consciousness, which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove.

NEARING HOME.

BY HERBERT WYNNE.

Nearing home! A little longer
Waft us onward, fav'ring breeze;
Sunbeams falling clearer, stronger,
Light a pathway through the seas.

Nearing home! Oh, fold your pinions,
Brooding spirits of the storm,
Till o'er Ocean's wide dominions
We are swiftly, safely borne!

Nearing home! Ah, cease to wrestle,
Angry waves, that keep us back;
Quickly let our bonny vessel
Leave your foaming in her track.

Nearing home! Bright birds are clinging
'Midst the swaying sails above;
They, like we, their way are winging
Toward and home they love.

Nearing home! Now far behind us
Countries bright, but strange, we cast;
No fond thoughts to them can bind us—
We are nearing home at last.

Nearing home! No time for dreaming—
Fancy soon may quit her throne.
All along the light is gleaming—
Beams of love to guide us home.

REVIEWER.

Elsie's Womanhood. A sequel to "Elsie's Girlhood." By Mattie Finley (Farquharson), author of "Elsie Dinsmore," "Elsie's Girlhood," etc. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A sequel to "Elsie's Girlhood" was asked for, and in writing it it was found necessary to bring in our late war, but the author has treated the subject in so impartial and delicate a manner as not to possibly wound the feelings of any one. It is a most interesting and well written story, and is sure to be immensely popular.

Jos. Scheidler's Illustrated Manual for Use of the Globes, terrestrial and celestial. Price 25 cents. E. Sturger, 23 and 25 Frankfort street, New York.

With such an admirable and simple manual, and with the use of the Scheidler Globes, for which it is specially written, there is no excuse, in these days of rapid communication and progressiveness, for any one to be ignorant of the geography of countries other than one's own. Formerly, people were deterred from buying globes, notwithstanding their acknowledged superiority over atlases and maps, on account of their being cumbersome, easily broken, and expensive. The Scheidler Globes remedy all these short comings, being light, elegant, and yet durable, and are produced by a patented process at so low a price as to place them within the reach of even very modest means.

Our First Hundred Years. The Life of the Republic of the United States of America. Illustrated in its four great periods. Colonization. Consolidation. Development. Achievement. By C. Edwards Lester. Published by United States Publishing Company, 11 and 13 University Place, New York. Vols. I and 2.

This very valuable work is comprised in two volumes, each making five hundred pages, with copious index, handsomely bound in extra morocco cloth, with elegant gold stamp, and sold at $4.00 for each volume. It is precisely the work that is needed by the great mass of readers at this time, when we are closing the first century of our national existence, and when the world is asking what we have accomplished during Our First Hundred Years. It is by no means a history of the United States. It is more than a History. It is *a biography of the Republic—its life*, unfolding the sources of its existence, and the progress of its development, how the energies of the nation have revealed themselves, in their majesty and strength; the salient points upon which the destinies of the country and the communities that compose it, have turned; the men who have guided the fortunes of the nation, at every period; the men who have led the thoughts and the enterprizes of their times; the obstacles they had to overcome; the rise and unfolding of every great American idea, invention, and movement. The author's unrivaled power of delineation, dramatic effects of grouping, clear and bold analysis, charming picturesqueness and vigor of style, all pervaded by ripe scholarship, and a spirit of the purest patriotism, have enabled him to produce a work which will long remain as the standard authority in American history, the ornament of every library, and the familiar text-book of every American.

Christopher Columbus. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated. Publishers, Dodd & Mead, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This is another of the series of American pioneers and patriots which Mr. Abbott has been lately getting out, and certainly it would not be completed if they did not contain the life and adventures of the most illustrious of all the pioneers of the New World. The author has given us a very correct account of his character and career, presenting his authority for every important statement, and we commend it to the perusal of every one who takes an interest in the early struggles of the pioneers of our country.

Eight Cousins; or, The Aunt-Hill. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," "An Old Fashioned Girl," etc. Published by Roberts Brothers. For sale by J. B. Lippincott, & Co., Philadelphia. Price, $1.50.

The mere announcement of a new book by Miss Alcott, who has endeared herself to thousands of hearts all over the world by "Little Women," and her other popular works, is certain to create a profound sensation among all classes of readers. This work is specially dedicated to the many boys and girls whose letters Miss Alcott has found it impossible to answer, as a peace offering, and she promises to follow it up by a second volume, to be called "The Rose In Bloom," more specially adapted for the older folks.

Around The Tea Table. By T. De Witt Talmage, author of "Crumbs Swept Up," "Abominations of Modern Society," "Old Wells Dug Out," etc. Sold only by subscription. Publishers, Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

The idea of the author in this volume was to give in a series of short chapters, some eighty in all, imaginary conversations, or papers read, or topics socially discussed round the tea-table, where we all come for chit chat and the recital of our adventures during the day that is past. The various subjects he treats on are all taken up in a lively, racy, and pungent style, the many foibles of the day are unsparingly shown up, and a fund of most valuable and instructive information given in such a pleasing and attractive form as to be appreciated by young and old. The book is handsomely printed on tinted paper, well bound in bevelled covers, illustrated with twelve choice engravings, and should have a large sale.

Beautiful Snow, and other Poems. New and enlarged edition. By J. W. Watson. Price, $2. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

The poem of "Beautiful Snow" has had the singular literary fate of having been claimed by no less than eight or nine different persons, but it was composed by Mr. Watson, and published originally in *Harper's Weekly*," about December, 1858. That all false claims and falsehoods might be set at rest, we have in this volume several more of Mr. Watson's poems, which show by their beauty, and the style, that they are all from the same hand. The poems "Patter of Little Feet," "Farmer Brown," and others, prove Mr. Watson a poet of the highest order, and one who appeals directly to the human heart.

Hester Honeril's Temptation. A Soul's story. By Mrs. C. A. Warfield.

The gifted Southern authoress, who is rapidly achieving fame. We think it is fully equal, if not superior, to her first work, entitled "Household of Bouverie." Time seems to have ripened her powers, and we predict for this, her last work, a wide and lasting popularity.

From Howard Challen, Philadelphia *Nourreddin and the Fair Persian. Canzia, The Slave of Love.* Nos. 4 and 5 of Challen's Dime Arabian Nights' entertainments.

This is a marvelous cheap edition of these fascinating Eastern tales, and, being carefully revised, and all objectionable parts excluded, should be placed within the reach of every boy and girl in the land. In them they will find not only intense amusement and excitement, healthy excitement, too, but at the same time will gain a true idea of the inner life and manners and customs of the followers of the Prophet.

Madame Recamier and Her Friends. Translated from the French of "Madame Lenormant" by Miss Luyster, translator of "Memoirs of Madame Recamier." Published by Roberts' Brothers, Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Few lives have excited more lively curiosity than that of Madame Recamier, who was the beauty, as Madame Stael was the brilliant writer of the first Napoleon's time. That Madame Recamier had brains, however, as well as beauty, will be clear, not only from her own letters, but from those addressed to her (and which are here translated) by such friends as Chateaubriand, Camille Jourdan, J. J. Ampere, Alexis de Tocqueville, Madame de Stael, the admirable Countess de Boigne, M. Ballanche, M. Saint-Beuve, Charles Lenormant, Prosper Merimee, and others.

Lectures To My Students. By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Mr. Spurgeon undoubtedly occupies the position of greatest celebrity at the present moment among living preachers. This work is a selection from addresses delivered by him to the students of the Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, of which he is president. These addresses are colloquial, familiar, full of anecdote, and often humorous.

A Manual of Diet in Health and Disease. By Thos. King Chambers, M.D., Oxon; F. R. C. P., Lond., etc., etc. Publisher, Henry C. Lea, Philadelphia.

We have here, in a small compass, a great deal of much valuable information upon the subject of diet and regimen in health and sickness, and the very distinguished professional reputation of the author is a guarantee for the thoroughness and completeness of the work. In order to render it purely practical, the author has not touched upon the chemical, botanical, and industrial features relating to every article interesting as an eatable. Space has thus been gained for a full discussion and explanation of many matters connecting food and drink with the daily current of social life, which the position of the author as a practicing physician convinced him was highly important to the present and future of our race.

From Jest to Earnest. By Rev. E. P. Roe, author of "Opening a Chestnut Burr," "Barriers Burned Away," etc. Publishers, Dodd & Mead, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

Mr. Roe's last work, "Opening a Chestnut Burr," met with such universal favor, that another from his pen, in the same style, and, to our mind, fully equal to its predecessor, will, we feel sure, be welcomed by a large class of readers. The author himself says of it, "This new and simple story which I now send forth, is my sermon as truly as if I stood up and preached it; and if the audience will take home its teachings, I am content to be neither seen nor thought of."

Herald of Health. for October, 1875. Published by Wood & Holbrook, New York.

A very interesting number, full of valuable information on matters relating to health.

British Quarterly Review for April, 1875. *Blackwood's Magazine*, for September, 1875.

Both reprints by Leonard Scott Publishing Company, of New York. For sale by Wm. B. Zieber, 921 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

The Sanitarian. A monthly journal. Edited by Dr. A. N. Bell, for October, 1875.

Many articles of interest appertaining to health will be found in this number.

Wide Awake, for October, 1875. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

A charming juvenile magazine, full of life and spice, bright with pictures, and containing an unusual variety of fascinating stories, poems, etc. It opens with a "true story," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and there is a very attractive story of girl-life by the editress, entitled "The Cooking of Tu Whit Hollow."

ORIGIN OF SOME SURNAMES.—It is interesting to trace some surnames back to their original meanings. The name Latimer is a writer of Latin; Barker is synonymous with Tanner; Milner is an old form of miller; Lander is a contraction of lavendier, a washerwoman; Banister is the keeper of a bath; Tupman—a name familiar to the readers of the Pickwick papers—means a breeder of rams, which used to be called "tups." The names of Spinner, Fuller, Tucker and Dyer are derived from the wool manufacture carried on by the Flemish colonists who settled in England. As a rule all names terminating with "er" indicate some employment or professional occupation; "er" is believed to come from the Anglo-Saxon *wer*, a man; hence, Salter is a saltman, Miller, millman; Webster in old feminine form of Webber; Spinster, of Spinner; Brewster, of brewer. Women brewed ale in the old times. An ancient Scotch statute declares that "Gif she makes gude ail, that is sufficient; but if she makes evill ail, she shall pay aucht shillings, or shall be put upon the cocks-stule and the ail shall be distributed to the pore folk." "Dexter," Mr. Lower derives from the Saxon *daeg*, a day, and defines it as a woman who works by the day—a charwoman. The name Walker means a fuller; in the north of England a fulling-mill is still called a walk-mill.

THERE are three kinds of praise, that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield it to the powerful from fear, we lend it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.

THE LOST DIAMOND,

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,

Author of "Mystery of the Reef," "The White Girl of the Ridge," Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 9, Vol. 55. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE JEWEL FOUND.

The sisters stood gazing into each other's faces. Norah was pale with fear, and a look of horror dilated her soft brown eyes, but Rhoda's cheeks were flushed with angry scarlet, and her brows were arched contemptuously.

"How could I!" she repeated, sneeringly—"how could I receive a present from an admiring friend who considers me good-looking enough to possess jewelry of my own! Is that what you mean, Norah?"

The unhappy girl could not answer. Until now she had felt only a faint fear of her sister having yielded to temptation and secreted the aigrette from among the diamonds of Miss St. Croix, but this sudden realization of her worst terror, this bold attempt to deceive in relation to the shameful theft, was too much for her. She staggered as if a blow had been dealt her, and clutched at the nearest chair for support.

Rhoda looked at her in alarm and amazement.

"Why, what ails you, Norah?" she exclaimed. "I'm sure I can't imagine what you mean, putting on such a deathly look, and shaking all over. If I answered you sharply, it was only because you are forever bothering me about not being humble and contented, and all that sort of stuff. Can't we take advantage of our good luck without committing any sin? If Providence means to elevate us, and puts the means of rising within reach, I think we would be fools not to take advantage of them."

"Where did you get that diamond?" demanded Norah.

Her voice was so low and husky that its tones were scarcely intelligible, but her eyes were fixed on the gem, and her finger pointed to it.

"It was a present," said Rhoda; and then she hesitated, and her color deepened.

"Speak!" gasped Norah — "speak quickly, and tell me from whom?"

"I said I would not tell any one," faltered Rhoda. "I am sorry I let you see it."

"Not tell!" almost shrieked Norah, in a passion of grief and terror,—"not let me see it! Oh, Rhoda, are you in your senses, and do you know that what you have done has already cost me friends and home, and may finally ruin us both!"

Rhoda dropped the jewel she had taken in her hand and threw herself into a chair. Her face lost its high color, and became almost as pallid as Norah's, as she asked, quickly:

"What have I done, and what do you mean by losing your home and friends?"

Norah drew closer to her sister's side, and bent so low, that her face was close to hers, as she said:

"Did you think such a valuable thing would not be missed? Miss St. Croix discovered her loss and accused me. For your sake I bore the shame in silence. I dreaded the possibility of what I have found to be a terrible reality, and so I held my peace and fled from the house, a disgraced creature."

Rhoda started up, trembling and panting with excitement. The blood rushed back in a torrent and dyed her face and neck in an indignant crimson.

"Miss St. Croix's diamonds!" she screamed. "Do you think I am a thief, Norah! Do you imagine I could take a piece of jewelry from a lady with whom you lived, and who had been so kind to us all! Oh, Norah! I dare say I am foolish and vain, and have let myself be carried away with the temptations and flatteries that have lately been put in my head, but I never, never could be so wicked as to steal!"

She burst into a passion of weeping, and raised her streaming eyes to Norah's face.

"Say you don't believe me so lost and villainous, dear sister!" she pleaded, piteously.

Norah caught her hands in hers, and held them firmly and with an ardent pressure.

"Tell me where you got it, in heaven's name, and speak the whole truth?" she questioned, in great agitation.

"It looks like Miss St. Croix's jewelry, but it is only paste, dear, and Captain Dalton gave it to me. I promised not to tell you, because he said it was a splendid imitation that would deceive any one, and I might as well have the credit of possessing a fine gem. Don't look at me in that imploring way, or it will break my heart. I never told you a lie yet, Norah, and I never will. This is the real truth, and you *must* believe me."

"I do," said Norah, faintly.

She reeled back and sank into a seat with her hands clasping her forehead.

She could not doubt her sister, and she could not understand the story she told. Captain Dalton's name did not recall any one to her mind in the present bewilderment of her thoughts, and she looked at the diamond and then at Rhoda in a sort of confused distraction.

A remarkable change was in progress in the thoughts and feelings of the latter. She seemed to have been shocked into awakening sense of danger, to realize, in a troubled, self-reproachful way, that she had been treading on the unseen verge of a precipice.

She came and knelt before Norah in a tender, appealing way, and begged her, in a frightened voice, to tell her what had happened at Courtland Terrace, and why she had called herself without home and friends.

"The aigrette was stolen from among the jewels you looked at yesterday," murmured Norah, gazing blankly in her sister's face and drawing a deep sigh. "I know now that you are innocent, and I am thankful to know it, but my brain whirls when I think of the suspicion that surrounds us both. Captain Dalton—who is he?"

"The gentleman I showed you in the street, don't you know? The one who hurried away just when I wanted to introduce you to him, and who asked me so many questions about you."

Norah's recollection presented the man's face to her mind. With it came the flash of a startling discovery, and she exclaimed, in a terrified voice:

"Not the one who tried to make me steal the shawl! Not the dreadful, haunting fiend whose face I saw glaring at me through the library window! Then we are indeed undone, and poor Moll Patchell's warning came in vain. The snare has been spread, and we have both fallen into it."

Rhoda's gaze of speechless astonishment recalled her sister from her own terrors, and made her think of the necessity of the moment.

"Listen, Rhoda," she said, drawing her close to her side and whispering in her ear. "There is some mystery about me that I cannot fathom, and as long as it threatened no one but myself, I kept it a secret, lest its knowledge would distress our mother. Some one in power has set this man you call Dalton on my track with the intent to injure me—heaven only knows why—and I shudder with an unutterable dread as I think of it. *He* stole this jewel—how else could he obtain it?—and gave it to you, so as to criminate us all by having it found in our possession. He has sought you with this end in view, and his story about its being paste was to lull your suspicions. It *is* a diamond—*the* diamond—and every moment we keep it here increases our danger."

Rhoda's spirit was quite broken now, alarm had roused her from her dream of folly, and showed her the past delusion she had cherished stripped of its mask.

"What shall we do?" she begged, humbly. "Indeed, Norah, I believed him to be a real friend—that is, I tried to think so, for he was coarse and brutal at times, and frightened me, but it seemed so grand to be rich, as he promised to make us all, and I like to be complimented. Oh, I am ashamed to tell you how much effect his coarse flattery had on me, for I see now he is a bad, wicked man, and wanted to get us into trouble."

Norah did not answer in words, she only pressed her arm closer round Rhoda's waist, and, with her eyes fixed on the baleful gem, compressed her lips and thought deeply.

Thus ran her cogitations:

"Shall I tell Rhoda the escape I have just had from that dreadful old woman? She is shaken by fear now, and has so little self-control, that she will betray her alarm to mother and make her very wretched. This aigrette must, at once, and at every hazard, be placed in Barbara's hands. If I take Rhoda with me she will be in danger, too; if I go alone, I only can be harmed. I will risk it."

As she reached this point she looked up, resolved.

"See here, dear Rhoda," she said, "this diamond must be carried back at once to Courtland Terrace. To have it found here would be to ruin us all. This man Dalton, if that is his name, may be watching the house at this minute, and I must evade him if I can. Don't speak loud to alarm mother, it would terrify her to know our position and its dangers, and you and I must guard and save her from every fear and care that we can spare her."

"Yes, yes," assented Rhoda, eagerly—she had pulled off her ornaments and gay ribbons, and commenced wrapping her shawl round her to accompany her sister, when Norah checked her by declaring she would go alone. "But suppose anything should happen to you, Norah," she objected. "Oh, I dare not let you rush into such danger!"

"I am forewarned, and shall not be harmed in any way," said Norah, resolutely. "I will go out of the back gate and run across through Mervin's alley into West street. That is full of shops and lights, and no one could molest me without people coming to my rescue there."

"Wear mother's black bonnet and long cloak, that will be a disguise," cried Rhoda. "I'll tell her that you ran home on an errand, which will be the truth, and I'll pray for your safe return every minute that you are away."

"That's my brave, good sister," said Norah, fondly; and as Rhoda wrapped her mother's garments round her and lighted her down the back way with the diamond safely stowed away in the bosom of her dress, she said, in a tender, earnest tone: "I believe it is our duty to keep together, Rhoda, dear, for neither of us get on very well when we are separated. Perhaps this trial may be good for us both, darling."

"You don't deserve it, Norah, but I do," returned Rhoda, remorsefully, "for I see now that I've been acting like a blind and giddy fool, and that I have helped this mysterious enemy of yours by answering all his questions like a confiding goose, and believing all his lies, even when my better judgment whispered to me to beware of such a wretch."

"That's past now, we'll both be wiser. Keep mother easy, and I'll return as soon as I can."

With these words, Norah closed the back door, hurried down the little yard, unfastened the gate, and took a swift run through the back street for Mervin's alley, from which she emerged safely on West street, not very far from Courtland Terrace.

CHAPTER XX.

MRS. ELDRIGE DISCLOSES A SECRET.

Mrs. Eldrige looked up from her sewing as Rhoda entered the sitting-room alone.

"Where is your sister?" she asked, in a worried tone. "I am afraid you were very unkind to her, Rhoda, for I heard your voices quite high and excited a little while ago. It makes my heart ache to have you disagree, indeed it does."

"We are not going to fall out any more," said Rhoda, in such a meek and gentle tone that Mrs. Eldrige looked surprised.

The flushed and tearful face of her daughter deepened the feeling into anxiety and concern, and she asked, quickly:

"Where is Norah? nothing is the matter with her, I hope?"

"She and I were having a little explanation," said Rhoda, mildly. "I was telling her that I meant to try and be steadier, to stay at home, and work harder and more contentedly."

Her mother's face lighted with pleased astonishment.

"Oh, Rhoda, dear, you'd be a comfort to me then," she said; "you'd be a friend that I could advise with and confide in, and I am sure I need such a one, for there's a secret pressing heavy on my mind, if I could only feel that you were steady enough to hear it."

"Maybe I will grow better, I mean to try," said Rhoda, still in the subdued and meek way she spoke before. "I've been too wild and thoughtless, I confess, and I have not tried to do my duty by you or Norah, mother. I know that, and feel very sorry for it."

"You are on the right way to mend, my dear, since you are willing to confess yourself in the wrong," said Mrs. Eldrige, putting her hand caressingly on the girl's shoulder. "It was of Norah I wished to speak to you; I feel strangely urged to do so now. Where is she?"

"Gone back to the Terrace on a little errand," was all Rhoda could say.

"Then she'll not be in for some time yet. I supposed she had gone out, for I heard a door shut, but it did not sound like the hall entrance," observed her mother.

"No; she went by the back street, it is a shorter way, you know."

"But not so pleasant at night; I'd rather take the other myself, though Norah has her own notions. Did you ever think, Rhoda, that Norah was not much like your father or me?"

"In what way, mother?" Rhoda asked. She could not still the anxious beating of her heart, and as she listened she trembled and jumped at every passing sound in the street without.

"Neither in face nor disposition," replied her mother, apparently too intent on her own thoughts to pay much attention to her daughter's disturbed manner.

"She does not look like any of us; she is more refined and has a high-bred air about her that I have been foolish enough to feel envious of, though I am ashamed of it now," confessed Rhoda.

"She is higher born and deserves to have such an air," said Mrs. Eldrige, quietly. "Rhoda, I believe the time has now come for me to tell you the truth about Norah. *She is not your sister!*"

Rhoda, who had been answering her mother abstractedly while her ears were strained to catch the faintest sound that might indicate Norah's return, now sprang up with a startled, incredulous air, and fixing her astonished eyes full on Mrs. Eldrige's face, faintly articulated the words:

"Norah not my sister!"

"No, dear," replied the other, in a timid, hesitating voice; "perhaps you ought to have known it long ago, perhaps not at all, I cannot tell, I'm sure, for I've turned it over and over in my mind every way till I've grown sort of confused about it."

"What do you mean, mother? Speak out, and don't distract me by such an inexplicable mystery. Norah Eldrige not my sister. Oh, I can't believe it, I don't want to think of such a thing!"

Rhoda had found her voice now, and was weeping loudly; her mother grew more and more distressed, and seemed uncertain whether to proceed with her revelation or to try and take back what she had already said.

"I don't believe I ought to have told you after all," she continued, in a faltering voice, "and you must keep quiet now or I won't say another word. I want you to tell me whether I had better speak to Norah of it, or let her go on thinking she belongs to us."

"Why did you bring her up to think so; why did she live with us and share our miseries, and nearly die for want of food if she belonged to some other family?" demanded Rhoda, with a troubled look.

"I am going to tell you, but try to keep quiet, Rhoda, dear, and don't frighten and confuse me," begged the nervous woman; "I am not as strong as I used to be, and a little thing seems to upset me.

"We used to live in Binder's court when you were a little thing about three years old. Just in front of us was a large dingy-looking house, that a great many odd looking people occupied and frequented. I never could make out their business; they were not working people nor they were not gentlefolks. They seemed to keep quiet during the daytime, and to be briskest at night, and sometimes they would all go away but an old woman and her son, a handsome boy not quite grown to manhood, with a frank, good-humored face that seemed out of place amongst such a queer set. This old woman had a kind of gypsy countenance, and the blackest eyes I ever saw. She had never said a word to me at that time, but I felt somehow scared, when she fixed me with a look, and the boys in the alley used to hallo: 'Nan, Nan, gypsy Nan,' after her, but not until they were well out of her reach, for they would scatter and run if she even turned her head over her shoulder to glance at them. Beside her and her son, I remember another short fat woman, and a tall, smart-looking man that I supposed to be her husband, and a younger and very hard-faced fellow whom they called Matt. Your father said he had seen real gentlemen go in after dark; one young and quite handsome one I remember to have met myself, and she and them call him the captain."

"But, mother, dear," exclaimed Rhoda, in a worried, impatient voice, "what has all this to do with our Norah?"

"I'm coming to that, and you promised not to flurry me, Rhoda," replied the poor woman. "I had to tell you about the kind of house and family old Nan lived in, for she is the one that had all to do with poor Norah. I don't know why I found out that there was great trouble among the folks in the big house in front of us, but it soon got to be all the talk in our court, though no one seemed to understand the rights of it much. The short, fat woman's husband was arrested for something, and the handsome young man, Nan's son, disappeared too. There was a great hurrying in and out, and a constant fuss going on for weeks, and then all was quiet. The place was shut up, and not a soul could be seen; indeed we all thought they'd moved away, when, after a week or so, we saw Gypsy Nan, as we called her, crawl out in the sun like a shadow. She had been sick all alone in that big old house, for every one else had left it, and she looked more like a corpse than a living creature when she got able to move round. The court people were pretty shy of her, not a soul that lived in Binder's would have spoken a word to her for anything, on account of her big staring eyes and queer ways, but though I felt afraid too, it seemed my duty to carry her something to strengthen her, so I took her soup and gruel, and any little thing I could spare.

"She was thankful, and told me so; but she never said a word about the trouble she was in, for of course I knew it was sorrow and distress of mind more than sickness that made her look so awful wild and ghastly.

"About a week after I took to carrying her things on the sly (I didn't want the Binder's court people to talk about my making friends with a gypsy, you know) she disappeared—how or where to I couldn't tell—I only knew she was gone, and the house was cleared out and rented to a tin and ironware dealer.

"It was nearly a year after that time, and I had had trouble enough of my own to make me forget Nan and all belonging to her, when one night as I was sitting up waiting for your father to come home—he was out of work and in bad spirits, and so would wander round the streets, too disheartened to set his face in the right direction, and that was the way he was tempted to take a glass too much to drown trouble—a rap came to the door, and a ragged boy said a woman called Gypsy Nan had sent for me to come and see her in Brick Hollow. I felt afraid to go and leave you sleeping alone, but the boy urged me hard, and said poor Nan was dying, and that she had something to give me that would be well worth my receiving. Brick Hollow was just down the lane from Binder's, and heaven knows I needed anything that any one could give me; beside I would have liked to serve the dying woman if I could. I locked the door, and wrapping my shawl round me followed the messenger who ran before in a hurry.

We found Nan in a back shed lying very low, though not in any want, for she had a fire, and medicine and food. But she was past the help of anything in this world, and she knew it, and told me as soon as she saw me.

"'I'm a dying creature,' says she, 'and I haven't a minute to loose. You're a good woman, and was kind to me, I haven't forgotten it. I *never forget anything.*'

"She said this in a queer kind of way, and then, trying to turn over, she pointed to a little child at the foot of the bed. I had'nt seen it at first, but when she showed it to me, I thought in spite of its being in such coarse, common clothes, and in such a dark place, I had never seen a lovelier little darling in my life. We were alone, the boy that brought me had disappeared, and Nan's voice began to break, and a strange hard rattling sound came in her throat; still she managed to say in a jerky, shaking way:

"'Take her till George comes ofit, there's money in the bundle—under the bed with her clothes—it will pay you till——'

"She choked and struggled pitifully, and I put my arm under her head and held her up a little. I would have given her some cordial that was on the stand, but she could not swallow.

"She managed to say something more about the child, but all I could understand was, that I would never get into trouble so long as I did not open the papers that were to be given to George, the money would pay me well till he came.

"She could not speak any more, but she made gestures with her hands, urging me to go, and pointing to the child.

"I took up the bundle first, it wasn't a very big one, but I saw that there was a purse in it that must contain a good sum of money, and we were in such woful need, that I did not pause to consider further.

"I lifted the sleeping child and wrapped her in my shawl, telling Nan that I would do as she wished. Her face grew quite content, and she tried to tell me of her satisfaction, but could not make a sound, she could only point her wavering finger to the door, and urge me with her eyes to depart.

"I obeyed, and hiding the bundle under my arm and carrying the child, I stole out into the dark lane. I heard a noise of footsteps, and saw a party approaching just as I reached the wall of an old slaughter house, under the shadow of which I hid till they went by.

"I recognized a man and woman, but there were others with them, I did not know. The former was the short one they called Matt, and the latter the stout woman I supposed to be the wife of the man who had been in trouble.

"They were talking about 'Nan's brat,' and the woman said she meant to bring it up to the trade regularly, and make a sharp one out of her.

"When they were gone past I came out of my hiding place, and came all the way home. Your father had not got back, and you were still quietly sleeping in your little bed.

"I fastened the door and laid the child beside you; then I looked in the bundle and found one package done up tight with sealing wax over every string, and the name of 'George' written or printed in writing on every side. I couldn't tell what it contained, and I don't know till this minute, for George whoever he is, has never come for it, and I had no clue to help one to find him. The rest of the contents were the purse, and a few common child's clothes of very coarse make.

"That child was Norah; her name was written on a paper stuffed in the purse, which said that the money was to pay for Norah's food and clothes till she was claimed by George. I believe I meant to do my duty by the little thing, and save her from the clutches of such as had meant to take her in charge, and from whom Nan snatched her just in time by sending for me, but I am afraid that the money which we were in such starving need of at that time, was an inducement also.

"When Michael came home and saw your pretty bed fellow, and heard the queer story, he was at first disposed to think it wasn't safe for us to keep her, but I plead with him, and the money was as welcome to him as to me, and so he yielded."

Rhoda sat staring directly into her mother's eyes all through the narration, and her parted lips and motionless attitude showed its effect upon her.

She now drew a long breath, and said slowly.

"It doesn't seem as if it could be true, Norah would have remembered something of it, I should think."

"She was a mere baby, nearly two years younger than you are, though she was always large and quick for her age, and seems now to be the older of the two."

"Don't tell her this, mother," said Rhoda suddenly, while silent tears began to flow down her cheeks; "don't let her know she is not my born sister, I never knew till to-night how much I loved her, and I cannot bear to think that she should ever be weaned away from us by new connections and family ties."

"Yes, dear, but is it not our duty?" urged Mrs. Eldridge, "I never meant to pry into the package that is to wait for George; but the paper is broken at one end, and I have seen a baby's dress of the finest lace and cambric inside. It is soiled, and I know that it was once worn by Norah, and that she belongs originally to quality, and is not of our sort."

"Hush, don't breath a word of it yet, mother," implored Rhoda, "she's at the door now, I hear her mounting the steps, let me run and open it for her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FORTUNATE KISS.

AN OLD BUT GOOD STORY.

The following pretty story is told by Braner, who vouches for its truthfulness.

In the great university of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a noble youth, with a great love for studies, but without means for pursuing them. He was poor, without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying to look pleasantly at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and excellent qualities made him beloved by his comrades.

One day he was standing at the square with some of them, prattling away an hour of leisure, when their attention was arrested by a young and beautiful lady, who, by the side of an elder one, was slowly walking over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upsala, living in that city, and the lady was her governess. She was generally known for goodness and gentleness of character, and looked at with admiration by all the students. As the young men stood gazing at her as she went by, like a graceful vision, one of them suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth."

The poor student, the hero of our story, who looked on that pure, angelic face, exclaimed as if by inspiration:

"I think I could have it."

"Well, well," exclaimed his friends in a chorus: "Are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not at all," he answered, "but I think she would kiss me if I asked her."

"What, in this place, and before all our eyes?"

"Yes."

"Freely?"

"Yes."

"Well, if she would give you a kiss in that manner I will give you a thousand dollars," exclaimed one of the party.

"And I, and I," exclaimed two or three others, for it happened several rich men were among the group, and bets ran high on so improbable an event. The challenge was made and received in less time than we take to tell it.

Our hero (my authority tells not whether he was plain or handsome; I have peculiar reasons for believing he was rather plain, but singularly good-looking at the same time) immediately walked up to the young lady and said:

"Mine fraulein, my fortune is now in your hands."

She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her footsteps.

He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspiration, and repeated simply what had just taken place between him and his comrades.

The young lady listened attentively, and at his ceasing to speak, she said, blushingly, but with great sweetness:

"If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish in me to refuse your request."

And publicly, in the open square, she kissed him. Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who had dared to seek a kiss from his daughter that way, and whom she had consented to kiss.

He received him with a scrutinizing bow, but after an hour's conversation was so pleased with him that he ordered our hero to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our friend pursued his studies in such a manner that it soon made him regarded as the most promising student in the university.

Three years are now elapsed since the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give the second kiss to the daughter of the Governor, as his wife.

He became, later, one of the most noted scholars in Sweden, and was much respected for his character.

His words will endure while time lasts among the works of science; and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden at the present time, whose wealth and high position in society are regarded as trifles in comparison with their great goodness and love.

NAMES OF COUNTRIES.

The following countries, it is said, were originally named by the Phœnecians, the greatest commercial people in the world. The names, in the Phœnecian language, signifies something characteristic of the places which they designate. Europe signifies a country of white complexion; so named because the inhabitants were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia or Africa. Asia signifies between, or in the middle, from the fact that geographers placed it between Europe and Africa. Africa signifies the land of corns, or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and all sorts of grain. Siberia signifies thirsty or dry — very characteristic. Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. It was once so infested with these animals that they sued Augustus for an army to destroy them. Italy, a country of pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch. Calabria, also, for the same reason. Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow haired, as yellow hair characterized its inhabitants. The English of Caledonia is a high hill. This was a rugged, mountainous province in Scotland. Hibernia is utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this, westward, the Phœnecians never extended their voyages. Britain, the country of tin, great quantities being found on it and adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phœnecian tongue either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast. Corsica signifies the footsteps of men, which it resembles. Syracuse signifies bad savor, so called from the unwholesome marsh on which it stood. Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance. Sicily, the country of grapes. Scylla, the whirlpool of destruction. Charybdis, the holds of destruction. Ætna signifies a furnace, or dark and smoky.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This venerable literary weekly paper, published in Philadelphia, now over fifty years old, comes to us as freshly freighted with choice literature as in the first year of its existence, when no other kind pretended to compete with it. We welcome it as an old and trusty friend, and commend it to old and young.—*Rural Messenger, Petersburg, Virginia, Oct.*, 2, 1875.

FACETIÆ.

A BOY, who was "confounding" the musquito, was told by his pastor that "doubtless the insects are made with a good end in view," when the young scamp replied, "I can't see it, whether it is in view or not. At any rate, I don't like the end I feel."

TERRIBLE.—A Danbury girl received a porous plaster in a gorgeous envelope bearing a monogram. About ten o'clock that night the owner of that monogram, standing disrobed before his fire, preparatory to applying a remedy to his chest, fainted dead away on drawing from a paper a mass of paper, mottoes and flowers. There was no fire in the parlor Sunday evening.

THE SHODDY BOOK BUYER.—Lady Customer.—"Have you a nice book, all covered with red leather, with gold letters on the back?"

Storekeeper.—"Yes, madam. We have Dr. Quincy's works, three volumes in Russia, or General Sherman's Memoirs, two volumes in calf."

Lady Customer.—"Oh! I don't want anything about Russia. Give me the book about the dear little calves, besides it was made by a general."

THROWN AWAY.—An inebriated individual staggered into the City Hall and yelled out:

"'Rah f'r Fou'th July!"

"Fourth of July, you dough head!" replied a policeman; "why it's September."

"I know (hic)."

"The 16th day of September."

"Course 'tis, an' zhout Fou'th July allus come on shixteenth day Zheptember."

"No, you idiot."

"It zhont?"

"No."

"Zhen what fool I am!" sighed the inebriate, "to go'n frow 'way all zhis drunk."

And he staggered sadly out.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"You see, when you done shuffle off dis mortuary coil, and de sperrit presents itself at the Golden Gates," argued a colored revivalist on the levee, yesterday, "Gabr'l gwine to ask you what Church you 'longed to in de flesh."

"Yaas, I pec so," said the listener.

"Ef you 'longed to the Missionary Baptist, he gwine tole you walk right in and set by de foot-stool. Ef you 'longed to de Methomdist Church, he say stay on de outside, whar your shoutin' don't 'sturb the angels. Ef you's 'Piscumpalion——"

"Hole on, Mr. Middleton, dey ain't no niggers 'Piscumpalions; dem's all white folks," interrupted the listener.

"Dat don't make no difference," continued the expounder of religion; "de principle's de same, ain't it? Ef you're a 'Piscumpalion, de angel say to you, go over dar 'mong de white folks. Ef youse Catholick, de angel ping you to de Virgin Mary, and tell you——"

"But look heah, Mr. Middleton, sposen de didn't 'long to no church in de flesh?" queried the listener.

"Well, what he be doin' dar, den?" asked the colored divine, scornfully.

"Well," replied the unconverted sinner, "I thought, in dat case, he could do's he please. —*Vicksburg Herald.*

A NEW PROBLEM OF LIFE.—A well-known citizen of Toledo, in the ordinary drift and current of business, became possessor of the note of a German saloon-keeper. The note becoming due, he took it to the party and presented it for payment. The man of drinks was not prepared to liquidate his obligation, and asked for an extension of time. This being granted, and the conditions settled properly, he was turning to leave, when the German said:

"Shoost vait von leedle whiles, unt I gifs you ein glass goot peers."

"No, I thank you, I don't drink beer," was the reply.

"Vell den, I gifs you veeskees thot is petter as so mooch."

"No, I thank you, I don't drink whisky."

"Sho! den I know how I fix you. I haf goot vines."

And he jerked down a bottle with a flourish.

Again the quiet: "No, thank you, I don't drink wine."

"Vot! you don trinks noddings! Vell, I gifs you ein goot shegar."

Once more: "No, thank you, I don't smoke."

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the Dutchman, throwing up both hands; "no peers, no veeskees, no vines, no dobacco, no noddings! Vat you lives on, anyways—botatoes, eh?"

A YEAR AGO AND NOW.—They lingered at the gate until he could finish that last remark, and she toyed with her fan, while her eyes were looking down from beneath a jaunty hat that only partially shaded her face from the light of the silvery moon.

He stood gracefully on the outside, with one hand resting on the gate-post, and the other tracing unintelligible hieroglyphics on the panels. They were looking very sentimental, and neither spoke for some minutes, until she broke silence in a sweet, musical voice:

"And you will always think as you do now, George?"

"Ever, dearest; your image is impressed upon my heart so indelibly that nothing can ever efface it. Tell me, Julia, loveliest of your sex, that I have a right to wear it there."

"Oh, you men are so deceitful," she answered, coquettishly.

"True, Julia, men are deceitful," he said, drawing a little nearer to her and insinuating himself inside the gate, "but who, darling, could deceive you."

"And if I were to die, George, wouldn't you find some one else you could love as well?"

"Never, never! No woman could ever fill your place in my heart."

"Oh, quit now! That ain't right," she murmured, as she made a feint to remove his arm from around her waist.

"Let me hold you to my heart," he whispered passionately, "until you have consented to be mine."

And he drew her nearer to him and held her tightly until he obtained the coveted boon.

It seemed but yesterday since our weary footsteps interrupted that touching little scene, but when we passed near the same locality early yesterday morning, ere the moon and stars had paled, we heared a gentle voice exclaim:

"No, sir; you've stayed out this long, and you may just as well make a night of it. I'll teach you to stay at the lodge until three o'clock in the morning, and then come fooling around my door to worry me and wake the baby. Now, take that, and sleep on it."

RECEIPTS.

WHITE mustard seed, swallowed whole, will relieve constipation.

TAR and sweet oil, thoroughly mixed, will make boots water-proof.

IT is said that inflammatory rheumatism may be cured by bathing the parts affected with oil and saltpetre—half an ounce of pulverized saltpetre in half a pint of the oil.

TO preserve cider sweet, it is claimed that there is nothing better than to hang a pound of mustard seed, put in a bag, into the bung-hole. Of course this must be done before fermentation. The barrel should be full and bunged tight.

To make a handy paint, break an egg into a dish and beat slightly. Use the white only, if for white paint; then stir in coloring to suit. Red lead makes a good red paint. To thin it, use a little skimmed milk. Eggs that are a little too old to eat will do for this very well.

To give glass great brilliancy, take finely powdered indigo, dip into it a moistened linen rag, smear over the glass with it, and then wipe the indigo off with a perfectly dry cloth. As a substitute for this, fine sifted ashes, applied with a rag dipped in spirits, will answer.

GIVE THE CHILDREN ONIONS.—A mother thus writes: Once a week invariably—and it was generally when we had cold meat minced—I gave the children a dinner which was hailed with delight and looked forward to—this was a dish of boiled onions. The little things knew not they were taking the best medicine for expelling what most children suffer from, worms. I believe mine were kept free by this remedy alone. Not only boiled onions for dinner, but chives also they were encouraged to eat with their bread and butter, and for this purpose they had tufts of chives in their little gardens. It was a medical man who taught me to eat boiled onions as a specific for a cold in the chest. He did not know at the time, till I told him, that they were good for anything else.

SCALDS AND BURNS.—On the instant of the accident, plunge the part under cold water. This relieves the pain in a second, and allows all hands to become composed. If the part cannot be kept under water, cover over with dry flour, an inch deep or more. In many instances nothing more is needed after the flour; simply let it remain until it falls off, when a new skin will be found under. In severer cases, while the part injured is under water, simmer a leek or two in an earthen vessel, with half their bulk of hog's lard, until the leeks are soft, then strain through a muslin rag. This makes a greenish colored ointment which, when cool, spread thickly on a linen cloth and apply it to the injured part. If there are blisters, let out the water. When the part becomes feverish and uncomfortable, renew the ointment, and a rapid, painless cure will be the result, if the patient in the meantime lives exclusively on fruits, coarse bread, and other light, loosening diet.

WE would no more be without Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia) in our family than without a stove. It is pure, and does its own work without the main strength of the washwoman. Try it.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

It is claimed for the Dominion of Canada that it ranks third—certainly fourth—in importance among the ship-owning countries of the world. Ship-building forms an important branch of Canadian industry. Four hundred and ninety-six new vessels, measuring 190,756 tons, were built during the year ending 31st of December, 1874.——The oil springs of Pennsylvania were known to the whites as early as 1629, but the full uses and value of petroleum were not known for two hundred years after.——An English publisher has issued the "Smallest Bible in the World." It is four and a half inches by two and three quarter inches, half an inch thick, and weighs, in limp morocco, three and a half ounces.——A grand International Exhibition of Electricity, as applied to arts, science and industry, is to be opened in the Palais de l'Industrie, on July 1st, 1877. It is expected that all countries will be largely represented.——It is little more than twenty years since the word Kansas began to be used in connection even with a Territorial organization, and now it has a population of 554,000.——The greatest depth of the Pacific Ocean, as found by the British ship Challenge, was about five miles.——The Scotch mail makes three hundred and eighty-eight miles, from Edinburgh to London, at an average speed of fifty miles an hour.——A man at Troy (N. Y.) has just finished a series of checker games, in which he lost but one out of one hundred and eighty-four games.——Cactus leaf is to be used in paper making as a substitute for rags.——The number of American colleges is reported by the National Commissioner of Education to be 323; male students attending the same, 25,000; female students, 2349.

To Owners of Horses.

NO ONE WHO HAS EVER USED DR. Tobias' Horse Venetian Liniment will ever be without it. It is a certain cure for Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores. Warranted superior to any other; in pint bottles, at One Dollar. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

A Lady

Returning to her home in the country after a sojourn of a few weeks in the city, was hardly recognized by her friends; in place of a coarse, rustic flushed face, she had a soft, clear, smooth and beautiful skin, and instead of thirty, which she was, she really appeared but eighteen. Upon inquiry as to the cause of so great a change, she frankly told them that she had been using Gen. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," and it was this invaluable acquisition to the toilet that made the wonderful change. Sold at all druggists.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

AGE CREEPS UPON MANY A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, surely despoiling her of those wondrous charms which fascinate the sterner sex. The skin, which was once so smooth and clear, becomes wrinkled and hard. To a person thus situated, GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM is indeed a treasure, for it enables her to renew the beauty of her prime. To be had at GOURAUD'S DEPOT, 48 Bond street, New York. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers everywhere.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

Saturday Evening, Oct. 30, 1875.

WANTED

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This paper is now in the field, with a splendid premium chromo 19x23 inches in size. It is larger, better and more brilliant than ever. Has the largest circulation outside of New York. Is over fifty years old. Pays the largest *cash* wages, and gives **Gold Premiums** to its agents. Agent are now making **$50** per week. We give exclusive territory. Orders filled from Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, or Chicago. Samples and circulars free to agents.

REED, WICKERSHAM & CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

LABOR A PRIVILEGE.

Had man remained the happy possessor of a thornless paradise, his few and temperate wants would doubtless have been supplied by the spontaneous yield of productive earth; but when, in the moral jar of the nations, dispositions averse to happiness became a part of his being, and to these were added the cares and sorrows of our mortal state, it was a kind and benevolent appointment that labor, henceforth, should become his heritage, and that in the sweat of his brow should he find a sweet relief from sorrow of heart.

Thorns and briars, it is true, spring in his path; but patient industry weaves them into a crown of rejoicing, and they become, by divine appointment, administering angels. His body, liable to disease and death, is thereby strengthened and beautified; and his mind, which would otherwise prey upon itself, is educated i to a vigorous and giant thing—a blessing to himself and all within his reach. It is true that toil, continued day after day, year after year, becomes a drudgery; but that degree of earnest activity which is the appointed vehicle of success to every good man, is an added blessing to his condition.

There is a law of compensation written upon work which, of itself, repays and ennobles the mind. It is the initial of true greatness, the passport to all success. What differs more than the mind of the astute student and the low level of thought of the savage, who cannot number five? And whence this difference? Both are men endowed with the powers of a reasonable mind; but industry has opened before one a world of light, and sloth has immured the other in a cavern of darkness. As if to put a nobility upon labor, Providence has ordained that the master minds of the world shall generally work the hardest.

Genius is received in the world's account, as the alembic which shall turn all to gold, rendering effort needless. Now it so happens that the greatest geniuses have had to dig through years of obscure suffering, often repaid for the productions which now grace the walls of palaces, by the poor crust which enabled them to toil on the morrow. Whatever the web and warp of the mind may be; whether Providence has given one talent or ten, industry still enters as the connecting belt between merit and success. Effort is the golden dust that genius chips from off the rough ore, making it available to itself and others. The man who dares to work is greater than he who dares to fight; for the leader is helpless without his troops, but the worker is a host in himself; he masters circumstances and triumphs over defeat.

Heaven has promised to bless one thing only in the material, as in the spiritual world; and that is *effort*. With energy the earth obeys man as a willing captive; without it, it lords over him as an oppressive tyrant; and whatever added circumstances of happiness may be his, peace can never enter save into a head and heart made weary by work.

BASE COIN.

All money derives its value from its purity or genuine character. The absolute necessity of a commercial medium, and its great value, present great temptation to the dishonest to make and pass spurious imitations of the standard issue. But as this impairs confidence and unsettles trade, besides being a fraud, the law has attached a heavy punishment to the crime of counterfeiting and one that meets the approval of every honest man. Strange to say, however, there is another species of the same offence that honest men often sanction, and are sometimes guilty of themselves; that is, coining and passing spurious words—slang. The purity of our language, as a medium of conveying our thoughts, should be almost as jealously guarded as the purity of our currency, as a medium of conveying our property. We received from our fathers a language pure, accurate, and strong; and we are in a fair way of leaving it to our children corrupted, uncertain, and weak. This is a serious question, as there is no truth more certain than that a people's character is mirrored in their language.

Our words have a reflex action on our ideas; and even though the latter be pure, yet a base mode of expression will contaminate them, while the constant use of pure, correct language will tend to purify an unclean mind. Words are, as it were, mental clothes. Surely a dirty beggar, well washed and dressed in clean attire for some time, will begin to feel and to be less a rogue; while a gentleman, dressed in rags and soiled with filth as long a time, will fast lose his decency. Clean water in a dirty conduit becomes unclean; but dirty water in a clean conduit will deposit some of its impurity.

It may be said that every word has a character—an identity—and these are good tests of its respectability. A rough's language is as easily recognized when heard, as his clothes are when seen; while the neatness of a gentleman's dress is repeated in his language.

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have pass'd o'er me and you;
And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures, too,
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

Oh, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
When, thanks to God, your low, sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife;
Your heart will say the same, I know; that day is as dear to you—
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young sweet face that day!
How fair you were, how dear you were, my tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doted on you; ah, how proud I was of you!
Nor did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new?

A HALLOW E'EN LEGEND.

BY GEORGE GREY.

Again the simply revolving circle of the seasons brings Hallow E'en around, a name suggestive of mirth and jollity, of young love's dreams, and wild boy's mischievous pranks. As in the Church of Rome, the Carnival, with its gayeties and masques and splendid pageants, precedes the solemn services of Lent; so does Hallow E'en, with its peculiar festivities, precede two days set apart by the Episcopal and Romish Churches for especial religious observances, All Saints' Day destined to keep before the minds of the faithful, the mystical communion of the Church on earth with the saints of all ages gone before, and all Soul's Day, following immediately after, which devout Catholics devote to offering prayers and supplications for the souls of departed friends. Before these days comes merry Hallow E'en, when the old try to feel young again, and the young, with the impatience of youth, vie to lift the curtain which veils the future and peer into the unknown beyond, for on this night, if ever, witches, brownies, elves, and fairy god mothers inhabit the air; or walk the earth. Thus, while the children of the family, boys especially, bob for apples, tie up bells, and take gates off their hinges, we see the eager eyed maiden bending before blazing logs or glowing coals, to place together the two nuts whose particular gyrations are to be a key to her future life, and think, involuntarily, of the many lovers in different lands thus resting their fates. Of bonnie Jean in far off Scotland reading her fortune by the fire-lights, while her blue eyed Jammie stands by smiling; or looking sad as it reads gay; or grave. Or of Bridgets and Kathleens, amid all the laughter and uncouth mirth of the Irish shanty lighted by its peet fire, fastening the head of "kale" above the door, wondering whether Pat, or Mike, or Tim will enter first on the morrow, for thus shall they learn the name of the coming husband. Why is it that women evince more curiosity about such affairs than men? You ask. Why, indeed? Is it because they are naturally more superstitious; or is it some remnant of the old heart-hunger after the knowledge denied her that goaded on poor Mother Eve? Have men so little curiosity about the future; or do they only assume that grand air of indifference? Perhaps; but on returning to the Irish shanty, there are Pat and Mike, and Tim, stolidly, leaning against the wall in a dense cloud of tobacco smoke, while eager Kathleen advances blindfold, with a coquettish baring of her pretty arm, toward the three mysterious bowls, one empty; the second, full of muddy water; the third, full of clean. Is there not some rough likeness in this choice between the three bowls to the three caskets in "The Merchant of Venice," and do we not pity pretty laughing eyed Kathleen, when having put her hands into the bowl of muddy water, she is told that she shall have none but a drunken husband? Poor Kathleen, as long as she did not choose the bowl of pure water, which would have entitled her to a handsome young husband, would she not rather have taken the empty bowl and been told, like the little piggie, that she should have none?

"So everything turns on the husband question," says Mrs. Grundy, shaking her worldly wise old head, grown quite grey worrying over other people's affairs. "Not altogether," some bright eyed lassie rejoins. "It goes a little back of that, Mrs. Grundy," and she sings gaily, to the tune of an old love song,

"C'est l'amour! c'est l'amour
Qui fait tourner la monde."

Whatever it is, the whole world of lovers, or would be lovers, seem to be bound together by a common bond of union on this one night of the year, for is there not one cry in all their hearts, whether expressed in Celtic brogue or purest Saxon, "I would know of a truth whether my true love loves me?"

Many years ago, in a fine old mansion in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, a number of merry young girls were gathered together for a Hallow E'en frolic. The nuts had told their tale, as best they could by the light of the wood fire blazing on the hearth, apples had been named, eaten, and the seeds duly counted. Mothers, aunts, and grandmothers had brought forth their lore for the aid of the "rising generation," there had been ghost stories told, with the lights out and fresh logs thrown on the fire to dull its brightness, each girl's face was radiant with wonder and expectation, the "witching hour" was drawing nigh, and there only remained one more thing to be done—this the most important of all. Each maiden is to walk up stairs backwards, in silence and alone, to her chamber, where, if she strictly observed the rules laid down by the elders, she may be permitted a glimpse of her future husband, if not with her waking eyes, at least in her dreams.

One of the merry group of girls, Agnes Curtis we will call her, having performed the feat of gaining her room by the winding stairway and tortuous passage leading to it, resolutely shut her door, and commenced the difficult task of disrobing backwards.

"Agnes, shall I name the corners for you?" cried a voice from without, in that mysterious girl language even then in vogue; but Agnes answered never a word to break the charmed silence of her self-imposed Trappism.

With a frightened smile on her lovely face—I know that she was beautiful because I have often seen her portrait in the quaint old-fashioned dress of the period—Agnes approached the mirror, walking backwards, and with one hand drew out the comb that held the shining bands of her hair and let it fall about her white shoulders in all its graceful profusion, while with the other she raises the candle and glances over her left shoulder in the glass.

Is it real, or does she only imagine that she sees a figure beside her own? The young girl starts, turns away, then looks again, to see reflected in the mirror the form of a tall slender young gentleman dressed in the fashion of the time, his face but half seen as it is averted, the back of his head plainly visible, with its long queue tied at the end with a piece of blue ribbon made into a full bow. It is real then; Agnes shudders, hides her face for a moment, and, womanlike, looks again—this time the lines of the picture are faint and shadowy.

While she gazes spell-bound it vanishes away, the queue disappearing last of all, like the grin of the Cheshire cat in "Alice in Wonderland."

At first the young girl trembles and feels like calling one of her friends to come and stay with her. Then remembering her vow of silence, taken so gaily, and that after all there was nothing particularly alarming in the young man's appearance, she determines to brave the terrors of the night alone. Taking care first to examine the bolts of the windows and door, and looking under every piece of furniture in the room, large or small, to be sure that no joke was being played on her credulity, Agnes, after putting out the candle over her left shoulder, lies down to think for a long time of the apparition in small clothes, and finally to dream of him.

A few weeks later, Agnes Curtis stood the centre of attraction in Mrs. M——'s brilliantly lighted rooms, at an evening party. Turning from the gentleman with whom she has just been dancing the graceful and stately dance of the period, the minuet, to speak to another partner, her eyes are suddenly riveted upon the figure of a gentleman crossing the room with a cup of coffee in his hand, which he has just taken from a tray. Something strangely familiar in his form and costume struck Agnes at once, and as he advanced, and, with a smile and courtly bow, handed her the cup of coffee, the color forsook her cheeks and her hands trembled so violently that she almost dropped the cup upon the floor.

The stranger could not have been insensible to the emotion of the beautiful girl, which was indeed evident to all around her, as he looked perplexed, took the cup hastily from her, and turned to ask a servant for a glass of water, thus revealing to Agnes the back of his head, with its long queue on the end of which was a bow of blue ribbon.

A low cry escaped her at this fresh revelation, and she murmured quite audibly:

"The gentleman in the glass! I saw him on Hallow E'en!"

"Pardon me, young lady; you could not have seen me then," said the stranger, courteously, "for on that particular evening I was on board the Columbia on my way home from England. I must apologize for having spoken to you so unceremoniously, when I saw you from the other side of the room. I felt sure that you were an old friend, and hastened to claim your greeting as such."

"And I," replied Agnes, coloring rosy red, "beg your pardon——"

But here the explanation, which might have been very embarrassing to both, was interrupted by the hostess of the evening, who stepped forward, and introducing the two strangers, who seemed to have known each other in some other world, begged them to take their places and join in the dance in which she and her guests were about to engage.

This acquaintance, formed under such peculiar circumstances, ripened into a friendship, *not Platonic*, of which a happy marriage was the result.

Children and grandchildren have handed down the story of mother's and grandmother's courtship to our day, while a portrait of a beautiful lady, with low bodice, graceful swan-like neck, and high rolled and puffed hair, smiles serenely down upon the present generation to give authenticity to my story, and encouragement to all those who, on Hallow E'en, would fain trick that old dame, supposed to know the destinies of all lovers, out of her weighty secrets.

UNITED STATES INTERNAL REVENUE,
COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, 1ST DIST. ILLS.
Chicago, September 28th, 1875.

MESSRS. REED, WICKERSHAM & CO.,

Gentlemen: Enclosed find three dollars for my Fifty-First year's subscription to the SATURDAY EVENING POST. I have taken the POST since August 1824—have been a reader of it since 1823, in Philadelphia, where I was born in 1808.

What most interested me in it at first was the publication of "Carter's Letters from Europe," which gave me a great relish for reading history. The general make-up of the paper has varied very much in the fifty-one years I have read it; but I have always had confidence in its *moral* tone, and felt satisfied and safe in introducing it into my family of eight daughters and two sons; and I think it was never better nor more interesting than *now*.

Yours truly,
CHARLES DUFFIELD.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the oldest literary and family paper in the United States, under its new management, Messrs. Reed, Wickersham & Co., has obtained a new lease on life, and bids fair to not only rival but eclipse all its literary and illustrated competitors. An original story by Hon. Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), entitled "Prairie Prince, the Boy Outlaw; or, Trailed to His Doom," will be found thrilling and intensely interesting.—*Sunday Mercury, Philadelphia.*

OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

BY J. E. INGRAM.

Some years ago we paid a visit to a royal observatory in England, and, having the good fortune to be previously acquainted with the assistant astronomer in charge, he took particular pains in showing us the wonderful instrumental appliances and contrivances for obtaining, with mathematical exactness, the facts and data of his science—a science which is one of the sublimest and most awe-inspiring that can engage the human mind.

We are not going into a lengthy account of the various instruments in an observatory, and their uses, for all this information can be easily obtained elsewhere. Our special object now is to relate a curious and striking incident which occurred during our visit, involving moral lessons which we have often remembered with advantage in after life.

In the course of our inspection, our friend, the assistant astronomer, pointed out to us a certain instrument which he called a mural circle, designed to observe the transit of stars across the meridian, and to mark the angular distance of each of these stars when so crossing from the pole of the heavens.

"You observe," he said, "the large size of the instrument. It is a telescope, some feet in length, in connection with a double wheel of wide circumference and of heavy spokes. One wheel is fixed, and the other, you see, is movable with the instrument, and the whole apparatus is firmly supported in the plane of the meridian, on a long and powerful axis, which axis is inserted deeply into this great column of stone, from whence is derived the name of the instrument, 'mural (*i. e.*, wall) circle.' It is of the greatest moment that this instrument should be steady; even the slightest vibration would vitiate an observation, and render it useless. To secure steadiness, therefore, this column of stone, or rather of marble, is of the most massive construction. It rises, as you perceive, about seven feet from the floor, is sunk several feet into the earth, and the whole structure—column, circles, and telescope—weigh together some one hundred and twenty tons.

"You see that vessel there," he said, while pointing to it.

It was a large cup of mercury, resting on a brass stand, which had been set, like the axis of the mural circle, into the marble column.

"You observe," he continued, "the shadow of yonder window-sash upon the bright surface of the mercury."

"Yes," we replied; "and it is very distinct, for the sun is clearly shining."

"And that is so much the better for my purpose," he observed. "Now," he proceeded, "keep your eye fixed upon the shadow of the window-sash, while I give a gentle blow to the marble column."

We did as directed, and, while gazing intently upon the shadow-mark, our friend, with his hand, gave such a blow to the great marble pillar as boys in sport give to their playmates, and, to our amazement, the shadow on the cup of mercury began on the instant to move and tremble.

"You see," said he, "the effect of that little concussion. It has stirred and agitated the whole one hundred and twenty tons of solid stone, and the effect," he added, "will never be lost. The vibration given will continue in its results and effects forever. And no doubt," he went on to say, "from what you have seen, you will now be prepared to believe the saying of one of our modern philosophers, which some in their ignorance have laughed at, namely, this: That, *at every step we take, we shake the world!*"

As we looked and pondered, we seemed never before to have seen so clearly, or felt so deeply, our responsibility as a moral agent in the world.

No act or even word of ours is without a result; everything we do bears a relation and exercises an influence upon those around us, and that not merely upon the material but upon the moral, upon the lives and characters of our fellow-men.

No human deed, however trifling it may appear, can, with truth, be regarded as insignificant. In certain special circumstances, a so-called trifling act may be fraught with stupendous results, for we had read how, in passing through an Alpine ravine, a loudly sounded word of human speech had been known at times to bring down upon a band of travelers, by its vibration in the air, the overhanging avalanche. But here it was revealed, with startling evidences, that every movement springing from the living forces of the human heart and mind is productive of no mean result.

POINTS FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

Preparations for the approaching Centennial are rapidly progressing. The work already done fills all who see it with surprise and dissipates the last vestige of doubt as to the merit and success of the great Exhibition. Philadelphia is exerting herself to the utmost, and her efforts are certainly creditable to her taste, her public spirit, and her munificence. She seems determined to leave nothing undone that she can possibly do to make the occasion creditable to the nation and honorable to herself. Not content with doing her part, she is helping her laggard sister cities, and making up some of the deficiencies of the backward States. It is to be hoped that other municipalities will be moved by her example to take a more active and pronounced part in this great national occasion. The individuals and firms who have already announced a desire to exhibit their wares and inventions of various sorts exceed the expectations of the committee. If the States and cities will show the same interest and enthusiasm that prominent individuals are displaying they would render important aid at the most important time. One dollar to-day is worth more to the enterprise than ten will be six months hence.

But in order to complete the success of the occasion and raised interest in it to the highest pitch it is necessary to concentrate as much attention as is possible on Philadelphia. It should be the focus of forty million eyes, and it would be a grand thing for the Centennial and the country if both the great political parties were to hold their national conventions there next summer. The place is convenient of access. And central. It will offer vastly better accommodations next summer than any other city in the Union. It will present unrivalled attractions to the delegates, and insure a larger attendance than any other place. Moreover, the party that holds its national convention in Philadelphia next year, at the height of the excitement the Exhibition will generate and in the midst of the enthusiasm it will naturally call forth, will invest itself and its nominations with something of a Centennial character, which will give them a powerful impetus and element of popularity. Other things being equal, the Centennial ticket will have a decided advantage over its opponent. It will have the current of national feeling in its favor. This makes it specially important that the ticket should be launched in the right place. Philadelphia is the one place in the Union where the Centennial nominations should be made. The holding of both conventions in that city will invest both with a national character and aid greatly to the success of the Exhibition. It would be a fine thing if Congress would adjourn from Washington to assemble in Independence Hall on the morning of the Fourth of July, and listen to the reading of the immortal Declaration within its time-honored walls. It would make a memorable occasion. It would be a fitting celebration of the most memorable occasion in our history. It would also add very greatly to the interest of the Centennial, if the State Legislatures were to arrange to visit the Exhibition in a body, thus investing their going with the dignity and importance of an official act. At least each State Legislature should make arrangements to celebrate the occasion in a formal manner appropriate to its grandeur. The Centennial has been adopted by the nation. The National Government is pledged to it. The States are severally committed to the plan. The interest, the credit, the pride and honor of the whole country are enlisted in it. Every man and woman should do all in their power to make it the most brilliant demonstration the world has ever seen.

—*Daily Graphic.*

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHAS. B. CARLISLE.

October! But little of the solemn quiet of musky October steals into our hard city natures. Away from the crowded thoroughfares we catch a faint idea of its spirit, in the blue and gold and orange of the leaves, burning away in the sere of autumn days. But how impoverished this, to October in the woods, where the flowers spring up, leaves shoot forth, and the young branches grow longer each day, untimited by the scaffolding of man—where the great frame in which the warp and woof of leaves and flowers are woven, was touched by an Omnipotent finger in the beginning, and neither day nor night, winter nor summer, hath it stood still wholly, nor needed human aid. Out there the rural world looks saintlier in this Sabbath of the year, and nature's benediction leaves a presence that will last forever.

Lingering through the shops to-day, methought, it is a marvel where all the books and papers go. Of course, I do not mean the type and paper, but the spirit, black or white, that on this bridge of print passes from the author's heart into his readers', there to abide. Do authors always remember that hundreds and thousands, imitative and plastic, are being moulded in character upon the type thus sown broadcast in this land? Do they always stop to think of the character-shaping power of their words going out, to be thought over and over by the mechanic at his bench, the farmer at his plow, and the young girl in the quiet of her own home—the power of these infusions into the fountain of their hearts? Can this power be overrated, or be used too carefully?

Somewhere to-day I have picked up a list of the political aspirants, and the number of young men has struck me peculiarly. I confess that I consider it dangerous, not to the public so much, as to the young men themselves. In this country, a man who is to live by his talent, either in the literary or political arena, is tempted to turn his credit to the quickest account, by early making himself of consequence to the people, or rather to some faction. From the moment that he yields to this desire for popular favor his time, his studies, and his powers, yet in their bloom, are lost to learning. Instead of giving these days to the study of the profound masters of political or literary wisdom, he turns away from the lessons of history and practical philosophy, and prematurely takes part in the dissensions of the day. His leisure is wasted on the profligate productions of demagogues, the lucubrations of fledglings, and his curiosity is bent on the minutiæ of local politics. He goes up brave enough, but just when we expect to see him at the head of some important public office, the influential member, we meet him coming down, crippled. It may even be a dignified crippling. He has failed because he was premature. Neither a writer, orator, lawyer or genius, his bare persistency refuses to carry him on against the odds of thorough scholarship, brilliant oratory, or famed legal talent, and the lack of these furnishes the swift momentum for his fall.

It is a keen defeat, this letting go of a position he was too feeble in talent to hold. If his talents had been mature, and some other pressure forced him away, he could look upon it with philosophical calmness, yea, even with sad enthusiasm.

Nothing of this offers to the young man who, with unfinished preparations, enters upon the duties of what mature talent can alone fulfill.

AMONG the many exchanges which we receive, there is none we welcome more cordially than the SATURDAY EVENING POST, published at Philadelphia. As far back as memory carries us, we can remember how earnestly the coming of this paper was looked for by every member of the family. It was started in 1821, and at that time ranked at the head of the literary papers of the United States. It has since more than kept up with the times, and we know of no other exclusively literary paper now published that we can as heartily recommend to the support of those who are desirous of procuring for themselves and children a paper which shall at the same time afford amusement and instruction as this same SATURDAY EVENING POST.—*Wenona Herald, Wenona, Michigan.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the oldest of our literary papers, has begun the publication of a new story by Buffalo Bill, which promises to be a taking card.—*Sunday Press, Philada.*

PERSONALITIES.

THE mother of little Mabel Young, who was killed in the belfry of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church in Boston, has lost her reason, and is the inmate of a private insane asylum.

HON. M. B. LOWRY, of Erie, Pa., has given a mansion and grounds in that city valued at fifteen thousand dollars to the Society for a Home for the Friendless, and offers to pay the expenses for the necessary improvements.

FREDERICK H. TROL, now in his seventy-first year, has worked steadily at the printing business since 1821—fifty-four years. Forty years of that time he has been employed in one office—that of the *Volksfreund*, in Lancaster.

VON BANDEL, the sculptor of the Hermann monument, has been granted a pension of two thousand marks by the Emperor William, half of the amount to be enjoyed by his wife in case she outlives him.

IT is said that Miss Julia Matthews, a pretty English actress who does the *Grand Duchess* in the "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" so admirably, has captivated the bachelor affections of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the handsome, flowery editor of the *Tribune*.

CAPT. RICHARD KING, the Texas "Cattle King," has been visiting at Harrodsburg, Ky. At his ranche in Texas, Capt. King has a field of sixty thousand acres within one fence. He recently filled an order by telegraph for twenty-six thousand beeves.

A HANDSOME clock and a pair of mantel ornaments made of nickel and gold, and elaborately chased, have been prepared for presentation to ex-Treasurer Spinner by the employes in the Treasurer's office. The articles were purchased at a cost of five thousand dollars, and are now on exhibition at the Department.

THAT august and ancient tribunal, the Court of Queen's Bench, has passed away, after an existence of a thousand years. The Court sat on September 6th, for the last time, in all probability, though it technically does not cease to exist until November. To Sir Alexander Cockburn belongs the distinction of being the last Lord Chief Justice of England.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN lived and died a bachelor. The popular author would have married, 'tis said, but knowing himself to be adored by several hundreds of women, each of whom would have "broken her heart" to see him married to any one but herself, he made up his mind not to inflict such a misfortune, and remained single from no other motive.

CHARLES BIANCONI, an Italian, who was the first person to establish a regular system of public cars in the south of Ireland, died in Dublin on the 16th inst. The enterprise yielded Mr. Bianconi a large fortune, and for many years past he was in the enjoyment of a fine estate in Tipperary, and leading the life of a liberal Irish landowner. He was in his ninety-first year, and preserved his mental faculties almost unimpaired to the end. Mr. Bianconi was a warm friend of O'Connell, and took an active part in the great agitator's repeal movement.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THE Province of Tucuman, in South America, intends to astonish the world at the great Exhibition in Philadelphia next year with a giant potato weighing fifteen pounds.

A FINE lake, about a quarter of a mile in diameter, will be north of Machinery Hall. Boats will ply up and down for the amusement of visitors, and form a pleasant feature of the tour around the grounds. The sight from here will be truly magnificent. The numberless buildings grouped together, and the swaying crowd, including representatives from every clime, under the trees beneath which Washington and Lafayette held counsel after the battle of Germantown, will form a picturesque and patriotic scene which we may look upon but once.

CALIFORNIA has transplanted and shipped, in seven boxes, the famous grape-vine of Santa Barbara, near San Diego, that has been often described, and reported to be anywhere from sixty to one hundred years old. California asserts that it is the largest vine in the world. The trunk is more than five feet in circumference up to eight feet from the ground, where it branches into twenty limbs, one of which is as long as the trunk of the great Hampton Court vine in England, that is reported the largest in Europe. The vine yields about six tons of grapes annually; and the intention of the shippers is to have it planted here in the Centennial grounds as it stood there. It will make a very striking display of the vine culture possibilities of that portion of the country, and will, we trust, remain to adorn its new site as long as it lived where it was grown.

IT is proposed in England to organize a working-men's excursion to America and back, leaving London early in June next year, via Liverpool, and, during an absence of six weeks, to visit the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Washington, Baltimore, Brooklyn, Chicago, one day at the Niagara Falls, returning home through Canada to see some friends from the "old country" in their homes at Windsor, Hamilton, Kingston, London, Toronto, and Montreal, and, after a little excursion to the Falls of Montmorenci and the Plains of Abraham, to embark at the port of Quebec for Europe, so as to reach London about the middle of August. The excursion will be conducted on economical principles, and the cost will be made known as soon as possible after the arrangements are completed with the hotel proprietors on this side of the Atlantic.

NEXT year, at our Centennial, a set of jurors will have to decide between wine exhibits from Europe, Australia, and the United States. Against the Australian strong wines will be produced those of California—the competition from Europe will be "nowhere." It has been remarked as a characteristic of California wine that it is considerably stronger than wine of the same class imported from Europe. This is caused, no doubt, on the Pacific coast, by the cultivation of the grape in a virgin soil, which is also chemically well adapted for the vine, and another cause must be the more intense and more constant sunshine. The Centennial jurors will have to ascertain the comparative percentage of alchohol in the competing wines.

UGLYMUGGIMO.

Easter Monday, about seventeen thousand years ago, fell on Tuesday, the 1st of April; and, on that very day, the gallant Prince Hassan, heir-apparent of all the Cashmeres, went out with hound and horn to hunt the deer. A fine buck was soon found; but as it went away twice as fast as the dogs could run after it, and the dogs ran twice as fast as the Prince could gallop, and the Prince galloped twice as fast as anybody else, you will not be surprised to hear that, after three hours' hard riding, his royal highness found himself quite alone; and moreover, on looking round him, he perceived that he was in a place where he had never been before—a dismal valley closed in with rocks, and without a trace of a road to lead him home. To complete his misfortunes, his horse—from which he had dismounted for a moment—ran away on its own account; and, after serious reflection, he was obliged to conclude that he had lost his way, and didn't know what to do.

Presently, however, he espied in the hillside the mouth of a large cavern; and as he was exhausted with heat and thirst, he determined to enter it, in hopes of finding shelter and water. To his delight there was a cool spring rising just inside; but no sooner had he knelt down and taken a draught, than he heard a dreadful roar from the bottom of the cavern; and, looking up, he beheld a frightful ogre, who came up to him in two strides, and caught him by the waist between his finger and thumb. This monster's head was as big as a haystack; his mouth was like a great oven, with rows of grinders like immense quartern loaves, his eyes were like the red lamps that you see on railways; and as for his nose, it was such an object that there was really nothing in the world ugly enough for me to compare it to. Few ogres are handsome; but this one was so horrid and nasty, even for an ogre, that none of the other ogres would live with him, and no ogress would marry him; so he was forced to sulk by himself in this solitary bachelor cavern. His name was Uglymuggimo; but the Prince didn't know that.

"I'll teach you to come into my house and drink my water, without my leave," said the ogre, in a dreadful voice; "all's fish that comes to my net; and I shall swallow you as you would an oyster—if you had any in Cashmere."

So saying, he went to his cupboard and took out the pepper castor and vinegar cruet, each of which was the size of a sentry box.

"I am sure I am very sorry to have offended you, sir," said the Prince (though the ogre held him so tight that he could hardly speak), "I meant no harm; and as for swallowing me, I really think you had better not. I don't say this on my own account; but I am certain I'm not fit to eat; you will find me very nasty, you will, indeed."

"Ho, ho," said the ogre, "so much the better! The nastier things are, the more I like them! There's nothing that I can't swallow! Why, if you could bring me anything I couldn't swallow, I'd give you leave to cut off my head."

"Begging your honor's pardon," said the Prince, "I think I have seen a great many things that a nice, clean, good-looking gentleman like you would never be able to swallow; and if you would just let me go home and look about me a bit, I feel sure I could bring you something of the sort,—and then I hope your honor would not forget what you said just now."

"Very well," said the ogre, after reflecting a little, "I don't mind letting you have a trial—indeed as I don't happen to want you just now, it will suit me very well. I will give you leave to try four times; but mind, you must give me your word of honor to come back here every day at noon; and unless you bring me something that I can't swallow, I will swallow you yourself on the fourth day—that's all."

Now, you must understand that the ogre did not say this out of any mercy for the Prince; but the fact is, he liked best the things that it would make everybody else sick even to look at; and he thought this would be a good opportunity for getting a choice supply of all the dainties that he was so fond of, without any trouble; for he wanted some variety, and was tired of picking up dead dogs, and robbing the pigstyes.

The Prince gave his word to come back very gladly, for he thought he should have no difficulty in bringing the ogre something that even he would find too horrible to swallow; and so the giant let him go, and showed him a backway out of the cavern, which, to his great surprise, opened on the cliffs just above his father's palace, to which he returned before he had been missed.

You may think that the ogre was rather simple for supposing that the Prince would come back again to be eaten up after he had once got away; but he knew that no prince ever broke his word. This was seventeen thousand years ago.

No sooner had he got home than Prince Hassan set about making a pudding, which he hoped the ogre would find too much for his stomach. He took a hundred and fifty adders, a dozen old shoes, a hundred python's eggs (addled), and two scuttlefuls of rubbish out of the dusthole; over these he poured six bottles of blacking, tied it all up in a beggar's old shirt, and for water to boil it in, desired the Grand Mistress of the Sloppails to bring him the dirty soapsuds from all the basins in the palace. With this precious mess, he knocked at the ogre's back door exactly at twelve o'clock the next day.

"Well, my young gentleman, let us see what you have got here," said the monster, taking up the pudding; "it smells rather nice." And to the dismay of the poor Prince, instead of flinging it away in disgust, he popped it into his mouth and munched it up like a penny tart.

"Ho, ho," he said, "not bad—not bad! Do you call that nasty? You must bring me something very different, if you expect me not to swallow it. Ho! come again to-morrow."

And then he took out an old pitchfork which he used as a toothpick, and went back to his den.

Then the Prince thought he would be very cunning, and bring the giant a meal that he did not expect. Since he seems so fond of nasty things, he said to himself, I will try if I can't puzzle him by a dish of something very nice.

So he went round to all the pastry cooks in town, and bought up all the twelfthcakes, the gingerbread, apricot-jam, and barley sugar in their shops; and again, at twelve o'clock exactly, he knocked at Uglymuggimo's door.

When the ogre saw what was brought him, he fell into a furious passion.

"How dare you bring me such disgusting rubbish?" he roared out. "Is this proper food to set before a gentleman ogre? Take it away this instant; but—no! You shan't escape me that way. I will eat it; but if you dare to play me such a trick again, I will skin you alive and stick you in my mustard pot. I will make you envy the very frogs and flies that you used to catch when you were at school! I will!" Then, holding his nose and shutting his eyes, he thrust all the dainties between his enormous jaws, and swallowed them down with a great gulp. "Ho, ho," he said, "you see that won't do either, my young friend. Come again to-morrow; and, remember, no more nonsense!"

This was a sad disappointment to Prince Hassan; and his only consolation was, that the expression of the giant's face raised some hopes that he was suffering from stomach-ache. But, as he was returning home, he happened to pass the chemist's shop to which, in the days of his boyhood, his mamma used to send for black doses; for she made a rule of administering one to him the first Monday in every month, according to the ancient customs of the Court of Cashmere. The sight gave him new hopes. "I am saved!" he joyfully exclaimed; and immediately sent a herald round the town with a proclamation that all the rhubarb, all the jalap, all the castor oil, and all the senna-tea that could be found should be mixed together in a tub and brought to the palace. His orders were obeyed; and, on that happy night, no physic was taken in the whole city.

The next day at twelve o'clock exactly, the prince again went to the ogre's back door, taking his tub with him; but this time he was full of confidence.

"I have beat him this time for certain," he said to himself; "if he were ten times an ogre he would never be able to swallow such a draught."

But, bless you! no sooner had the monster seen the horrid mixture than he tossed it off like a glass of lemonade, smacking his lips after it.

When the Prince saw this, he began to despair; for he felt that his last chance was gone.

"Ho, ho," said the giant, with a dreadful grin, "don't be cast down. You have one more chance, you know; try again. Why don't you bring me such a thing as a tough, old woman, now? Perhaps I shouldn't be able to swallow that; ho, ho!" And then he laughed in such a violent and vulgar way that he shook down six large trees.

"No, no," said the Prince; "I see it would be no use; you had better take me at once and have done with it; I give up; you can swallow anything if you could swallow what I brought you just now. Besides, where should I find an old woman who would consent to take my place?"

"As for that," said the ogre, with an odious wink, "I should have thought a stout young man like you could have managed to persuade an old woman to come this way without much trouble. And as for my being able to swallow her, I don't know—I can't say—I am a little dainty sometimes—at any rate it is worth your while to try, I should think; for remember, *to-morrow is the fourth day!* Ho, ho!"

So saying, he went back into his cave; and the Prince heard him sharpening his knife and cleaning his frying pan in a way that froze his marrow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BOY FOR THE TIMES.

We like an active boy, one who has the impulse of the age—the steam engine in him. A lazy, plodding, snail paced chap might have got along in the world fifty years ago, but he won't do for these times. We live in an age of quick ideas; men think quickly, speak quickly, and slow coaches are not tolerated. "Go ahead if you burst your boiler," is the motto of the age; and he succeeds the best in every line of business who has the most of the do or die about him.

"To all the prize is open.
But only he can take it
Who says with Roman courage
I'll find a way or make it."

Strive, boys, to catch the spirit of the times; be up and dressed always, not gaping your eyes as if you were fast asleep, but wide awake whatever may turn up, and you may be something before you die.

Think, plan, reflect, as much as you please before you act, but think quickly and closely, and when you have fixed your eyes upon an object, pull off your coat cheerfully, roll up your sleeves in earnest, and with a merry song spring at the mark at once.

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick.
A grumbler in the mud will stick."

But above all this be honest. If you intend to be an artist, carve it in the wood, chisel it in the marble; if a merchant, write it in your day book and spread it in capitals in your ledger. Let honesty of purpose be your guiding star.

BE THOROUGH.

"Pile it up carefully, Johnny," said his mother, as the little boy threw down the wood in a corner and turned to leave the room.

"Pshaw! that's good enough," said Johnny. "It don't make any matter; it will soon be gone."

"What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, my son," said his father, who overheard him. "I once knew a little boy whose mother had taught him this proverb. He was a poor boy, and was hired as an errand-boy by a merchant. He took pains to do everything well. This pleased the merchant, and he gave him something better to do, advancing him, as he grew older, from errand-boy to under-clerk, then to head-clerk, and finally admitted him as a partner in the business, until he became at last owner of the very store where he first began by doing the little things well. Be thorough in everything. The boy who takes pains in the little things he has to do is far more likely to be thorough in important duties than he who slightingly says in regard to any half-done work, 'Pshaw! that's good enough!'"

NATURE AND LOVE.

BY ENNIS GRAHAM.

The tender Spring comes tremblingly;
Quiv'ring, the blossoms softly break;
Each zephyr breathing gently by,
New forms, new beauties seem to wake,
So trembling wakes my love for thee,
So, fetters burst, springs fair and free.
O first sweet love! O maiden mine!
O strange new love! O birth divine!

Ful Summer now—the genial hours
Lead radiant noon to glowing night,
Full Summer—see the glimmering flowers
Basking in fervid tide and light.
And love, too, has its perfect noon,
Its Summer sun, its Summer moon:
In thy deep radiant eyes, my queen,
My triumph lies—there love is seen.

Adown the fields the golden grain
Hangs heavy on the burdened stems.
Through shimmering leaves the fruits again
Gleam ruddy ripe, rich Autumn's gems.
Hearts' harvest, too, I gather in.
Love, sweet to cherish, sweet to win;
For future days o'erflowing store,
Love, could I ever love thee more?

Where are the flowers, where the leaves?
Where the sweet zephyr's gentle breath?
Where mellowed fruits and golden sheaves?
Dead, dead; all icy bound in death!
Is love, too, dead? Hence needless pain!
Love only sleeps to wake again.
Love dead? Ah, no, not so with Love!
Love only dies to live above.

Prairie Prince,

THE BOY OUTLAW;

OR,

TRAILED TO HIS DOOM!

BY HON. WILLIAM F. CODY,

"BUFFALO BILL."

[This serial was commenced in No. 12, Vol. 35. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER IX.

AN INDIAN ALLY.

After leaving the settlement, Prairie Prince directed his steps towards the spot where a month before he had consigned his father to his grave.

Arriving after nightfall, he set about arranging for his temporary encampment, determined, ere he started upon his work of revenge, to pass the night by the humble resting-place of him who had been so cruelly murdered.

Having removed his saddle from Greyhound, and staked him out to feed upon the luxuriant grass, the youth was preparing to build a fire beneath the large tree which shaded the resting-place of Gerold Gilmore, when a distant shot, followed by a loud war-cry came to his ears.

Instantly he resaddled his steed, and concealed beneath the shadow of the tree, he awaited in anxious expectancy the coming of those whose shot and cry he had heard.

Soon the rapid fall of hoofs was heard approaching, and then in sight across the prairie was dimly vitibis a dark object coming swiftly towards the motte, and behind him, some two hundred yards, were half a dozen horsemen, madly urging their horses in hot pursuit of the fugitive, who, though on foot, was running at a pace the pursuing animals found it difficult to surpass.

Slowly, however, they gained upon the runner, who the next moment dashed for safety beneath the tree which sheltered Prairie Prince.

Panting loudly with his exertion, and his mind occupied with his pursuers, the fugitive did not see the young horseman, and set to work to defend himself with his bow and arrows, when he was startled by a sharp report, a flash, and in surprise saw the leading horseman fall to the ground.

"Hold, Black Wolf; I am your friend," cried the youth, as the man, an Indian chief, turned upon him.

"The Black Wolf is pursued by the white warriors from the fort; but the Boy Chief is his friend," returned the Indian, and as he spoke another shot from the unerring rifle of the youth caused another horseman to bite the dust, and the remainder of the number to quickly draw rein, and ride back out of range.

"Ha! say you so, Black Wolf? Then my rifle is turned against my own people, and I regret it; but you once saved my father's life, chief, and I will protect you. Why is it the white warriors are on your track? I thought the Black Wolf was a friend of the pale faces."

"Black Wolf is a mighty chief; like the leaves of the forest his people once were, but like the leaves when the cold is on them his warriors have passed away; but he loved the pale faces, and was a hunter for the fort; but Black Wolf has a daughter, a maiden as beautiful as the stars, and the cruel white chief at the fort would have made the Great Spirit angry by forcing the young Indian maiden to become his squaw; but the Star Eyes fled from the evil chief, and upon Black Wolf the vengeance of the evil-hearted man fell, until he had to protect himself and strike the white chief to the ground, and then the Wolf fled for his life, and the white hounds were put on his trail."

The Indian had spoken proudly, and Prairie Prince knew that he spoke the truth, and determined to protect him from his foes; for the Black Wolf had ever been most friendly to the whites, and had on several occasions warned the settlement against the approach of a band of Comanches, a people whom the Indian chief hated with his whole heart, for he was the remnant of a once mighty tribe whom the Comanches had nearly destroyed.

Prairie Prince knew well his story, how the lonely chief, accompanied by his beautiful daughter, had followed the fortunes of the whites on the frontier, and particularly did he remember that Black Wolf had on one occasion saved the life of Gerold Gilmore, when returning from a search after missing stock the settler had been set upon by a few renegades and severely wounded.

This one act particularly now endeared the chief to him, and he determined to save him from his pursuers, who were now drawn up in the shelter of some close-growing timber just out of rifle range.

"What is the Black Wolf to do?" asked Prairie Prince, after a while.

"The Black Wolf is hunted down now like a mad dog; he will hide away from the pale faces and Star Eyes will cheer his lonely life."

"Where is the Star Eyes?"

"The maiden has gone to her home in the prairie canyons; it is there that the chief will meet his daughter."

"Then come, chief, mount behind me and we will away swiftly, for Greyhound will carry us both with ease. It is said you know the canyons better than any man on the frontier, and I wish to find me a safe retreat, for from this day I am on the warpath."

"Has the Boy Chief raised the tomahawk against his own people?"

"I have raised the tomahawk against those who murdered my father, chief, and I'll not rest until I hang their scalps to my belt. Black Wolf, do you know who killed my father?"

"Let the Boy Chief come now to the canyon with the Black Wolf, and there he shall know."

"Mount behind me, then; but tell me, did the people of the fort have ought to do with it?"

"The white chief at the fort and his warriors took the life of the Boy Chief's father."

"Great God! is this true? Dudley Racine, if you have done this deed, you shall die by my hand, for I have sworn it;" and Prairie Prince spoke with terrible earnestness.

Turning Greyhound quietly the youth rode silently away, the Indian mounted behind him, and in a short time the noble steed was cantering swiftly across the prairie, little caring for his double load, and the youth congratulating himself upon having a strong ally in the Indian chief, whom he knew to be as true as steel, and one of the best scouts and hunters on the frontier.

War and pestilence had wiped his people out from the face of the earth, and friendly with the whites, Black Wolf had pitched his solitary wigwam almost beneath the shadow of the fort, and with his daughter, the lovely Star Eyes, had there lived for years, feared by his foes, and respected by the pale faces.

From one end of the frontier to the other the fame of the Indian chief had gone forth as a great warrior, a skilled scout, and dangerous enemy; and as noted as was her father's prowess, was the beauty of Star Eyes, at whose shrine many brave men, both paleface and redskin, bent in adoration.

CHAPTER X.

SENTINEL OUTPOST.

Far beyond the bounds of safety, on that wild frontier where the scene of this story is laid, was situated Sentinel Outpost, or Ft. Sentinel, as many called it.

Located upon the banks of a large stream, and with scattering timber and rich prairie land surrounding, it was a favored spot for a stronghold, situated as it was upon a slight eminence that commanded a sweep for miles around.

The enclosure of the fort contained some five acres, well stockaded with logs ten feet in height, with every now and then a log citadel, a square tower twenty feet high, on which was mounted a field piece of artillery, which commanded the advance to the stockade.

Upon the land side there were five of these towers, each containing a small howitzer, and upon the river front one citadel, so placed as to control the banks from either end of the enclosure resting upon the water.

The river front was open, excepting a low wall of logs, for the stream was broad and the banks precipitous.

Outside of the walls of the fort were the farms of the outpost, well cultivated, while the prairie for miles around was dotted with horses and cattle, and along the river bank here and there was the cabin home of some settler who preferred to dwell under the shadow of military protection.

Within the stockade, and fronting the river, were a dozen log houses, the barracks of the soldiers, scouts and hunters, while sheltered by a small motte stood a large cabin, surrounded by a rude piazza, overgrown with vines, and a small yard, in which grew a number of beautiful flowers.

The grounds around this large cabin extended to the river bank, on which stood a small summer-house of rustic work.

The cabin was divided into four large rooms, two of which were bedchambers, one a sitting-room, and the other used for kitchen and dining-room.

All of the chambers were well-furnished, considering the distance from civilization, and in fact many comforts were visible upon every side.

This cabin was the home of Major Dudley Racine, and there he had dwelt in loneliness, until the beautiful Daisy came West to preside over his household.

Ever kind to his daughter, Daisy had soon learned to love her border life, and considered no pleasure greater than that of sitting at the head of her father's table, making his coffee for him, and acting as mistress of the domain.

At first she feared she would not like border life; but ere long her mind changed on that point, for she enjoyed the morning drill of the cavalry battalion under her father's command, the evening parade, the music of the band, the presence of the strange looking hunters, trappers and scouts, the appearance of the wild looking Indians who frequented the fort, the society of the settlers' daughters and wives, and above all the attention of the half-dozen young and dashing officers in the Outpost, who considered it a part of their military duty to be most polite to the lovely daughter of their commander. With every comfort around her, a spirited mare to ride over the rolling prairies, escorted by some handsome beau, a boat in which to row upon the river, and her household duties and music books to occupy her time, Daisy Racine's life glided happily along.

One of the maiden's most constant friends was Star Eyes, the daughter of the chief Black Wolf, for night and morning the beautiful Indian girl visited the fort, from her wigwam a mile above the outpost, and always brought with her some slight token of her regard for Daisy, either in specimens of her handiwork, wild flowers, berries, or birds and feathers.

It was no wonder, then, that the city-born maiden soon learned to love the Indian girl, who was faultless, both in face and form, and upon whose head not sixteen years had fallen.

With a degree of taste rarely seen in an Indian maiden, Star Eyes was wont to attire herself, every portion of her gorgeous buckskin skirt and leggings beautifully wrought with beads and feathers, while upon her head she wore a jockey-shaped cap, ornamented with flowers.

One glance at the dusky belle of the forest was sufficient to turn the heads and touch the hearts of all the frontier beaux, and not only was many an Indian brave, and handsome scout her lover, but also she held ardent admirers among the officers of the fort, until the coming of Daisy, when the open attention of the youthful warriors and expectant commanders was transferred to her, as in duty bound.

But from their first meeting Daisy and Star Eyes were friends, and these circumstances soon put an end to the flirtations of the young officers with the red skin maid.

At length the beauty of Star Eyes attracted the attention of the stern commander of the outpost, and she at once numbered among her wooers Dudley Racine.

But the stern major was shy in his visits to the wigwam of Black Wolf, and his attentions to Star Eyes were not such as to cause her to feel complimented by the favor of the commandant, and she instinctively avoided him.

At length, one afternoon Major Racine sought the home of the Black Wolf, a fairy-like dell where his comfortable wigwam was hidden away just on the banks of the river.

Star Eyes was at home and alone, and the major's eyes glittered as he entered the wigwam and said:

"The White Chief has come to visit the beautiful Star Eyes."

"The great chief is welcome in the wigwam of the Black Wolf," quickly responded the maiden.

"Star Eyes, I could dwell here forever with you alone, and yet it cannot be. Still, my pretty girl, you must not turn away from my love, but permit me to often come and visit you, and no squaw of the Comanches will be richer than the daughter of Black Wolf."

"The great chief has come to the guest-home of the Black Wolf to insult the poor Indian girl! He enters like a snake to poison the life of Star Eyes. Let him leave at once, for Star Eyes would not strike the father of the prairie flower, for the Daisy is the friend of Star Eyes."

Grandly beautiful looked the Indian maiden in her just indignation, and, unable to control himself, Major Racine sprang forward, crying:

"I will have at least one kiss."

But, as he stretched forth his arms to seize the girl, a wild yell resounded in his ears, and he was seized by strong arms and hurled across the wigwam.

Maddened by this unexpected attack, the major arose and rushed upon his foe, who was none other than Black Wolf.

Boldly the warrior met him, and the next moment the two men were engaged in a desperate encounter.

Both were powerful in build, agile, and full of courage, but the Indian was more rapid in his movements than his white antagonist, and Major Racine did not feel confident of the result, so placing his fingers to his mouth, gave one long, shrill whistle.

Instantly after shouts were heard, and the clatter of hoofs approaching, and feeling that it was death to remain, Black Wolf writhed himself loose from the grasp of his foe, uttered his wild warwhoop, and bounded into the dark waters of the river, just as half a dozen troopers dashed up and discharged their weapons at the swimming warrior.

But the Black Wolf pressed boldly on, and soon was out of range of their fire.

Turning to address the Indian girl, and with his face livid with rage, the commandant beheld her standing unflinchingly before him, a proud smile upon her lips.

"Girl, you shall rue this day! Your devil of a father has escaped, but my troopers shall hunt him down, and you shall see him die. Sergeant," and Major Racine turned to the same non-commissioned officer who had been so forward in obeying his orders in hanging Gerold Gilmore. "Sergeant, shut this kennel up, and bear this maiden back to the fort as a prisoner. Confine her in the upper room of the centre citadel, and mind you, let no one see her, or communicate with her; bring her into the stockade after dark, and throw a blanket over her to prevent its being discovered who she is. Men, you understand me?"

"Yes, sir." And the sergeant and his four companions touched their hats politely.

Mounting his horse, the major then rode away, leaving the sergeant and his men to follow after dark, with the beautiful Star Eyes a prisoner.

Arriving at the outpost, Dudley Racine at once dispatched half a dozen parties to search for the Black Wolf, with orders to bring him back dead or alive, and it was one of these squads that was in hot pursuit of the brave Indian when the Prairie Prince met him, and checked the chase most summarily.

CHAPTER XI.

CONDEMNED TO DIE.

It was the second evening after the capture of Star Eyes, and the flight of Black Wolf, that a horseman cautiously approached the wigwam of the chief, glancing furtively around him on every side.

Excepting the trill of birds and occasional howl of a hungry wolf, no sounds broke the stillness, and all nature seemed asleep.

Slowly the sun was sinking in the west, and a flood of golden and crimson glory painted the clouds hovering above the horizon, and reflected a ruddy glow upon the otherwise pale face of the horseman.

Slowly riding up to the wigwam, he dismounted and pushed open the wooden door, which the chief had made in his abode, which was really more of a skin-covered cabin than wigwam.

All was quiet within, and the horseman entered and strode across the cabin towards the second apartment, when suddenly half a dozen soldiers rushed upon him, led on by the huge sergeant before spoken of.

Instantly springing back the horseman leveled his revolver and fired, and the sergeant fell dead, but ere he could cover another with his weapon, the troopers threw themselves bodily upon him and he was borne to the earth, and notwithstanding a brave resistence, was soon bound hand and foot.

"Aha, my fledgling, we've got you, and it's yerself will have to dance at the end of a rope for slaying the sergeant, for he's as dead as the hanley Moses," said an Irish corporal, who seemed rather pleased at the promptness of promotion by the death of his superior.

"Why did you rush on me then?" said the prisoner, who was none other than the Prairie Prince.

"Faith, we've always had a fine opinion of yez, my lad, but yer see, a scout saw yez drop down two of our men who was chasin' the big Ingin, Black Wolf, and our troopers had orders to take you whenever we found yez; but yer see we was a lying out here to catch the Wolf, and yer ill-luck fetched you right into our clutches."

"And my good luck will soon get me out of them, and then look out for the rifle of the Prairie Prince. Quick, conduct me to your chief, and let me know my fate."

Awed by the commanding manner and tone of the youth, the corporal obeyed, silently, and led the way from the wigwam.

A quick glance around, and a smile crossed the face of Prairie Prince when he discovered that Greyhound was nowhere visible.

"Hawkins, you and three of the men remain in the shanty, while I go on with the prisoner to the fort and let the major know about the death of the sergeant. Burt, you and Sims come with me."

A walk of half an hour and the stockade was in sight, and soon after the small party halted in front of the cabin of Dudley Racine.

Upon the piazza sat the commandant and Daisy, both apparently enjoying the beautiful sunset.

As the corporal and his prisoner drew up in front of the cabin, the face of Daisy Racine turned deadly pale, while the eyes of her father glittered with a look of malignant pleasure.

"Ha! corporal, you have a prisoner, and it is that boy called Prairie Prince; the one who shot down two troopers the other night."

"It is the gallant youth who saved me from an awful fate, father," indignantly responded Daisy.

"Girl, hold your tongue. Corporal, where did you capture him?"

"At the hut of the Black Wolf, sir; he came in spying around, and we rushed upon him, but the devil's cub sint the poor sergeant to his last home——"

"What! is Sergeant Howard dead?" cried Dudley Racine, springing to his feet.

"Dead as the devil, yer honor; yer see, sir, we run in on the boy, and he shot down the sergeant, and attempted to run, but I bounced him, and we soon had him down and tied, although he fought like a tiger, sir."

"Another murder added to your list, young man! do you know that you must die for your crimes?" savagely said Major Racine.

"I know that you are capable of any enormity, Dudley Racine! but I do not believe a just God will let me die until he has made me the instrument of bringing you to punishment."

"Silence, sir! My memory was correct; you are none other than the son of —but, never mind — to-morrow's sun shall fall on your grave! Sergeant!"

"Sir; yer honor."

"You will fill the place of Sergeant Howard, holding his rank. Remove the prisoner at once to the lock up, and, mind you, if he escapes, you will have to suffer for it—and send my adjutant to me."

"Yes, sir, and its mesilf thanks yer honor for yer kindness," said the overjoyed and newly promoted sergeant.

"See that you deserve it, now be off, and after putting the prisoner in the lock up, send a detachment for the body of Sergeant Howard."

Quickly the sergeant marched his prisoner away, but not until a look of hope and encouragement had passed from Daisy Racine to the brave boy. As the party moved off, Major Racine said angrily.

"Daisy, I do not wish to again tell you that my actions must not be interfered in. Yonder boy, it is true, saved your life! but it is an ordinary occurrence on the border to save life, and he deserves no credit for it, and he does deserve the severest punishment for having taken the life of two troopers the other day, and but now shot down one of the best men in my command."

"He merely protected himself, sir, in shooting the sergeant, and doubtless he had more good reason regarding his firing upon the troopers."

"Girl, do you hear me? go to your room and let me hear no more of this."

Daisy arose and walked quietly away, just as the adjutant, a dashing handsome young officer approached, and upon whose face a shadow fell, when he observed the departure of the maiden.

"Adjutant Denver, I sent for you, to have you order out a squad for the execution of a prisoner at sun-rise in the morning."

"Indeed, major, and who is the prisoner?"

"The boy who is known as the Prairie Prince, and who three nights ago killed two of my troopers."

"So a scout reported, sir! but you will of course order a court martial to try him?"

"No, sir; I am judge and jury in this affair, Adjutant Denver. That boy is a dangerous fellow, and only half an hour ago shot down Sergeant Howard. He is now a prisoner, and to-morrow, at sunrise, shall be shot, so order a squad for the execution, and see that every preparation is made."

"It is my duty to obey orders, Major Racine; but it appears like accepting a great responsibility to order a youth shot without a trial."

"Adjutant Denver, I wish no advice, sir, in this matter. I am the best judge of my actions, and you will be good enough to obey orders."

Leo Denver politely saluted, and without another word turned and walked away from head quarters, determined to obey his orders, but at the same time sorrowing for the young and gallant boy whose end was to be so soon, and wondering how the frontiersmen would take this bold stand of his commandant, for already had there been considerable talk about the strange manner in which Gerold Gilmore had been dealt with.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ANGEL OF THE FORT.

Night settled upon the out post, and darkness filled the cell whereto were confined Prairie Prince and Star Eyes, for by a strange coincidence the youth had been placed in the same log prison as the Indian maiden.

At once between the two had sprung up an acquaintance, for once before Prairie Prince had seen the maiden, and knew her as the daughter of the Black Wolf.

In the Comanche tongue they conversed together, and Star Eyes learned from him her father had escaped, and then that the youth had returned to the wigwam, by the river, to communicate with the Indian maiden, and let her know that her father was near by, for the chief did not know that his daughter was a prisoner.

Fearing an ambush, the youth had urged Black Wolf to let him first enter the cabin, for he did not know that a

scout concealed in the motte, had seen him shoot down to the two troopers who were pursuing the chief.

His unexpected capture, his shooting the sergeant, and his expected fate, all was made known to Star Eyes, who, in turn, told him of her captivity, and that hardly any one in the fort was aware of her presence there.

"The great chief has an evil heart; but the Daisy is as pure as the prairie flower," said Star Eyes quietly.

"Yes, Daisy Racine is a noble girl! but even her fair presence shall not save her father from my vengeance if I ever escape from here; and escape I must—nay, we must, for the Star Eyes will go with me to her father, and in the canyons towards the rising sun, we will seek a retreat where no warrior or scout can trace us."

"The Prairie Prince speaks well, and he is a great chief, but the walls of the white man's fort are strong, and the night before death is short," quietly responded the Indian maiden.

"Hark! a step ascends the tower. Who is there?" said Prairie Prince, as the door of his prison room slowly opened, and a tall form appeared indistinctly visible.

"I am a friend. I come from Daisy, the one whom the soldiers call the "Angel of the fort,'" said the stern voice of a man.

"What would you with me, and how can I serve Miss Racine?" quietly responded the youth, though a thrill of hope shot through his heart.

"You can serve Miss Racine, and yourself also, by just getting out of this box as soon as possible, and I am commissioned to show you,the way," replied the man.

"As gladly as I would go, I will not leave my fellow-prisoner," firmly said Prairie Prince.

"What! is there another in here?"

"Yes, Star Eyes, the daughter of Black Wolf."

"Ha! I know that her father had incurred the commandant's anger, but I knew not the Indian girl was a prisoner. Well, I'll return and report to the Angel, and she'll instruct me what to do, for I was only told to release you."

So saying the man withdrew, the key once again turned in the lock, and the two prisoners were once more left to themselves.

An hour passed away, and the outpost was as silent as the grave, for the night was creeping rapidly on, and Prairie Prince began to fear that all hope was gone, when the key was heard in the lock once more, and a slender form entered.

Even in that uncertain light both Prairie Prince and Star Eyes recognized Daisy Racine, who said, softly:

"My poor friends! how sadly has my cruel father treated you. Prairie Prince, why you are here is known, but why is it, Star Eyes, that I find you a prisoner?"

"The great chief has hunted my father like a hound on the tiger's track. He hates the daughter of Black Wolf, and for three days she has been a prisoner."

"This is shameful! But this night shall you go free; and my brave friend, you once saved me from a terrible doom, and I have come to release you. Ere this you should have been free, but not knowing that Star Eyes was also a prisoner, the messenger whom I sent knew not what to do, and returned to me for orders. Now all is arranged, and at the river bank is a boat awaiting you, so follow me."

Daisy Racine spoke firmly, and Prairie Prince saw that she was determined to save them at every hazard.

Throwing the overcoat of a trooper around him, and which was handed to him by Daisy, the three stepped from the small log-tower chamber, and quickly descended to the yard below, where stood the same tall form that had first visited the prison.

"We are ready now. It is best to boldly cross the parade ground and make at once for the river," said Daisy, softly.

"It is best, Miss Racine; I will lead," replied the man, who appeared to be a private soldier; and as the party moved on, the eyes of Prairie Prince and Star Eyes fell upon the prostrate form of the sentinel lying near the wall, but whether only bound or dead, they did not know.

Boldly across the deserted grounds they walked, passing the headquarters cabin, and then reaching the river bank, where, beneath the shelter of a huge tree, a small canoe was tied.

"Now you are free. Keep well in the shadow of the bank until you get out of range of the tower, and let me urge that you at once find Black Wolf, and seek safety in flight from this part of the country, for my father is terrible in his anger, and will certainly hunt you down."

"Miss Racine, I owe you my life, and the service I rendered you is now more than repaid. To thank you is useless, after what you have done for me; but I would know, ere we depart, will not our escape bring down your father's anger upon you and this brave soldier here?"

"No; my father knows nothing of my part in your escape, and this gentleman is disguised so that the sentinel whom he seized, bound and gagged, could not recognize him. Go, and go at once, and leave the country."

"Never will I leave until I have fulfilled an oath I have made. Your goodness appeals to me for mercy, but mercy shall not be shown to those who have so cruelly wronged me. Farewell."

Springing into the canoe as he spoke in terrible bitterness, the youth was quickly followed by Star Eyes, after she had warmly embraced Daisy, and with a few powerful strokes with his paddle, the light craft sped rapidly away from the spot, and was soon lost to the view of Daisy and her companion.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ALARM AND PURSUIT.

Though most cautious in his movements, and endeavoring to keep under the shadow of the bank, the canoe caught the quick eye of the sentinel on the river tower, and instantly his voice rang out sternly with—

"Halt! in that boat, or I fire!"

Finding that he was discovered, Prairie Prince urged his boat forward with tremendous velocity, and instantly the flash of the sentry's musket and the ringing report followed.

But the bullet, though well aimed, hit the canoe, and not its occupants, and ere the sentry could again fire the fugitives were out of range. Anxiously they heard the "long roll" sounding the alarm, and the shrill notes of the bugle calling to "boots and saddles," and quickly Star Eyes seized a paddle and bent her strength to aid in the flight.

Gradually the sounds of alarm and excitement in the post died away behind them, but with untiring energy the fugitives plied their paddles, and the light canoe fairly flew down the river.

Thus an hour passed, and the fort had been left fully ten miles behind, when Prairie Prince turned in towards the right bank of the river, and landed beneath the shelter of a small copse of trees.

Hardly had he sprung ashore when a tall form suddenly arose before him. Instantly the hand of Prairie Prince was upon his revolver, for his arms had been restored to him by Daisy, but suddenly the voice of Star Eyes was heard crying:

"Hold! it is the Black Wolf."

It was true, for as Prairie Prince leveled his weapon the Indian chief stepped forward and grasped his hand, and the next moment bestowed a warm greeting upon Star Eyes.

"The pale faces held not their prisoners long; but come, their hunters are abroad, for Black Wolf has heard their distant cries."

"Yes, they are doubtless following us in boats and on horseback; but we will yet elude them.

"The Greyhound and the mustangs of the Black Wolf and Star Eyes are yonder. Come, the brave boy chief must seek the home of the red man and his daughter, in the canyons towards the rising sun."

"I will go with you with pleasure, chief: now let me set this canoe adrift," and the youth gave it a shove which sent it far out into the stream, when it was seized by the rapid current and borne swiftly along.

"Ha! yonder comes a boat from the fort in hot pursuit. Star Eyes I would send a shot after them, but in the darkness might hit the man who aided our escape," said Prairie Prince.

"Come, the mounted warriors are yonder," said Black Wolf, and he pointed to the other shore, upon which were assembled a dozen or more horsemen, dimly visible in the darkness.

At the same moment the horsemen discerned the party in the boat, and a voice shouted:

"Ho! Denver, have you seen naught of the fugitives?"

It was the voice of the commandant himself, and his presence at the head of a squadron told the fugitives how anxious he was to capture them.

"No, major; they had a good start; shall we press on?" replied the adjutant, from the boat.

"Yes; for by the God above, I will have that youth if it takes every man of my command to take him!" savagely shouted back the commandant.

"Would you find the Prairie Prince, Major Dudley Racine, you will find him forever upon your trail and the track of those who had a hand in the cruel murder of Geroid Gilmore. One of those who aided in that base crime has already fallen, and the entire thirteen are doomed, and boy outlaw though he be, the Prairie Prince will trail you to your doom."

Had a voice from heaven broken upon the night air, it would not have created a more profound sensation than did the ringing tones of the youth, and it was fully a minute after he ceased speaking ere a word was said.

Then the stern voice of Major Racine was heard commanding,

"Run ahead, Denver, and shoot him down. Into the river, men, and we'll yet have him in our power."

The adjutant obeyed, but not with surprising alacrity, and Major Racine and his troopers plunged their horses into the water and struck boldly out for the other shore.

After a hard swim they arrived upon the other bank, and as Major Racine rode up the steep hillside, he was joined by Leo Denver, who intently pointed far out upon the prairie, to where three dark forms were visible, rapidly speeding away.

"Curses on them, they are mounted, and there are three of them. By Heaven! it is the Black Wolf, I'll wager my soul, and he it was who aided their escape. Come, men, after them."

Driving the spurs into his horse, the commandant bounded away in pursuit, followed by the half dozen troopers who had already reached the bank.

But the horses of the troopers had already had a hard gallop and fatigning swim, while those of the fugitives were fresh, and ere very long they had wholly drawn out of sight of their pursuers, and with reluctance, Major Racine ordered a halt, and slowly retraced their way back to the fort, swearing that with the daylight, he would put every scout and hunter in his command upon the trail of those whom he would now give his right arm to have in his power, for with the Prairie Prince at large, and aided by the famous Black Wolf, he felt that neither his own, nor the lives of his men, were safe.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ANCIENT CROWN.

The oldest of the crowns of Europe is the iron crown of Lombardy, now restored to its resting place of centuries in the Cathedral of Monza, the sunny little town, which, from the Alpine steeps, looks down upon imperial Milan, whither many a time its treasure was borne to be placed on the brows of a German Kaiser at his second coronation. His first was at Aachen, by the tomb of Charlemagne, where he received the silver crown of Germany; his second at Milan; his third at Rome, where the pope conferred on him the golden crown of the empire. But the iron crown was the most venerable of all. For thirteen hundred years the iron crown has held the foremost place amongst the diadems of Europe, for it was formed by the skilful hands of Roman goldsmiths in the sixth century, and sent by Pope Gregory the Great to the Gothic Queen Theodolinda, when she had freed Lombardy from the Arian heresy. Its form is simple, as one might expect from it ancient date. It is a broad flat ring or diadem of gold, adorned with enamelled flowers and precious stones; stones not cut into facets, as in modern jewelry, but emeralds, sapphires, and rubies in their rough uncut form as they came from the mine. But inside this circle of gold and jewels is a thin band of iron, from which the crown takes its name, and this iron, tradition asserts, is one of the nails of the true cross hammered out into a ring. Long and angry have been the battles fought by antiquaries on this point. Those who deny its authenticity, headed by Muratori, certainly bring weighty arguments to the support of their view; but the tradition has survived all their learned folios; gallant champions have fought pen in hand in its defence, and still in the language of the people the crown of Monza is called *il sacro chiodo*, "the holy nail." It graced the imperial front of Charlemagne and a long succession of German emperors, ending with Charles V. But the last sovereign who wore it was Napoleon I. In May, 1805, he assembled at Milan the dignitaries of the empire, the representatives of his royal and imperial allies, and a splendid circle of marshals and generals, and in their presence he placed it on his head, repeating the proud motto of the iron crown—"God has given it to me; woe to him who touches it!" In 1859 the Austrians, retreating from Lombardy, took the iron crown with them to Mantua, and subsequently to Vienna. There it remained until, by the treaty which ceded Venetia to Italy in 1866, it was restored to its old home in the sacristy of the cathedral at Monza, and there it rests to-day amid the other treasures of Theodolinda—her jewelled comb, her golden hen and seven chickens (the symbols of Lombardy and its seven provinces,) and the crown of her husband Agilulph.

CRADLE SONG.

BY DELMAR.

Sleep, my baby, sleep and dream,
On thy pillow soft and white;
Lulled to rest while white wings gleam,
O'er thy couch till morning light.
Sleep on, dream on, while you may;
Troubles come at dawn of day.

Little eyelids, pure and white;
Rosy lips and dimpled feet;
Eyes will open on Life a rude light,
Cares and sorrows you will meet.
Sleep on, dream on, till the day,
Father, keep her safe I pray!

Sleep then, darling, mother's near,
Bending o'er thy place of rest,
While the sun is sinking clear
In his glory in the west.
Sleep on, dream on, till the light,
Darling little one, good-night!

HELEN WESTON'S TRIAL.

HALLOWE'EN STORY.

"Hallowe'en, girls!" exclaimed Nellie Johnson. "Are we to sit quiet when just this one night of the three hundred and sixty-five, Fate lifts the dim curtain of the future to our wondering comprehension! No, a thousand times *no!* So my dear, Puritanic Helen, for once lay aside your scruples, and let us try what that mysterious future has in store for us;"—and the animated speaker threw her arms lovingly around Helen's neck.

It was cold, and a cheery fire blazed in the open grate, throwing its fanciful shadows over the golden curls and perfect faces of the city cousins, Nellie and Minnie Johnson, who had come from Philadelphia to spend a few weeks ere the opening of the winter season; over the black hair and tall form of Hugh Vaughan, Helen's accepted lover; over the bonnie brown braids that crowned Helen's own shapely head; over the quaint old furniture and pictures, lingering around the piano, and dancing into the dark corners.

"Just this once, my dear cousin, in honor of our grandmother's memory," still pleaded the coaxing tones.

"Well, Nellie, I've no objections, I am sure, provided you wish it. Of course there is nothing in it. But as we are all sensible, and above the silly superstition, the amusement will be harmless. Let us adjourn to the kitchen. Cook has a good fire, and we will very soon settle our destinies."

"I pray you, fair ladies, do not doom me to solitude. I humbly crave permission to accompany you to the sibyl's haunts, that I, too, may learn somewhat of the good that Fate has in store for me," said Hugh, as his laughing eyes sought Helen's blushing face.

"Oh, knight of the woful countenance, our liege lady grants your petition. I see it by her smiling lips. So, forward march for the kitchen it is:"—and Nellie's silver laugh rang merrily through the clean, wide room as they entered.

The smouldering fire was soon crackling in the fireplace. The lead was melted and poured into water, where, after sputting and hissing for a time, it assumed many and various shapes, causing much merriment. Then apples were eaten and the brown seeds counted, "one I love, two he loves," with blushes and smiles; and at last the crowning trial, naming chestnuts and placing them in pairs upon the coals. Helen bent down over the coals to arrange the nuts properly, when an explosion suddenly took place, and, with a low moan, she fell back, tightly pressing her hands over her eyes.

The mischief-loving Hugh had placed a percussion cap upon the hearth "to startle the girls," laughing in imagination at their terrified screams. But now, when he saw the result of his cruel trick, his lips grew pale, and raising the prostrate form in his arms, he cried passionately; "Darling Helen, are you hurt? Speak to me, sweet one. Have I murdered her?" with an appealing look to the sisters, who stood in dumb, pallid terror beside him.

"No! no! Dear Hugh, I am alive, but oh, my eyes! The pain is maddening. Please assist me to my room, and then go for a physician. I am afraid I am blind. Do not alarm father; but hasten, dear."

Carefully, tenderly they led her to her own quiet room, shaded the light, bathed the swollen eyelids, and then the cousins sat down to wait.

The physician came, a kindly, good man, and pronounced his verdict. Only one eye was injured, but that so severely that it must remain curtained in night.

"Oh, doctor, do not say that!" wailed the sufferer; but it was so, and no human agency could remedy the mischief.

Her beauty was gone; and amid the agony, the thought that he, for whom she would have shed her life's blood (strange how much stronger is woman's love than man's), might look with aversion upon the face he was once so proud of, made it still harder, and so there was a great sob in that voice that said, "Not that, doctor—oh, not that, doctor! I cannot bear it."

But heaven is merciful, and her heart did not break—not even when heartless Hugh so readily accepted the freedom she offered him. He was *proud*, and could not for a moment think of marrying so very plain a woman as Helen Weston with one window to the soul shaded. Weeks of pain she passed in the darkened chamber, and then came once more among her friends—pale, but, oh, so sad and sweet that one could almost weep to see her. Her father would gaze upon her altered countenance, and in his heart curse the cowardly hand that caused the blight. But no one ever heard Helen murmur; and when they brought her the paper recording the marriage of Hugh Vaughan with Nellie Johnson, not even a repining word mingled with her good wishes.

Years have passed, and Helen is thirty. Calmer, sweeter, more lovely than of old, art has in a great measure remedied the defect in her beauty; and there are those who will tell you to-day that in all the neighborhood there is not one *young* face so handsome as Helen Weston's. Old Farmer Weston went to join the wife he loved some years ago, blessing his daughter with his latest breath. Golden-haired Nellie has long since joined the angel-band; and Hugh, with his four lovely little girls, came back to his native place soon after. He saw our Helen, and his old love revived; but she refused to listen to him.

Said she, "I think I buried my love for you twelve years ago to night, when you so gladly severed our engagement. I can never be aught else to you save a friend. *That* I will try to be; for, with all your selfishness, I do not hate you."

He went away then a sadder and, let us hope, less selfish man. For a time he was angry, and would not permit his daughters to visit the farm house; but after awhile his ire passed away; and though *he* never darkens the door, yet four little golden-haired girls think "Aunt Helen" is perfection itself.

AGRICULTURAL.

Now leave your flowers out nights, and you won't have to tend to them this winter.

WINDOW BOXES AND HANGING BASKETS should now be filled, and the plants well established before they are taken in-doors.

THE common bat is a great devourer of insects. In his nightly flitting about he destroys numerous moths, beetles, weevils, and the like. Toads also destroy many of the small kinds of insects. Toads and bats are worthy allies to enlist into your service in the interminable war with insects.

MANURE FOR GRAPES.—Our northern vineyardists consider bone dust one of the very best "mineral manures" for applying to grape vines, and it is to be presumed it would be equally valuable to vines in Texas. Ashes are also excellent, and the same may be said of superphosphates, and an occasional application of lime will usually prove beneficial.

Now is the proper time to divide such of the hardy perennial class of flowers as have matured their foliage; indeed, they will succeed better than if the operation should be deferred until the ensuing spring. Some of these start as soon as the frost begins to thaw out at the close of winter, and if disturbed at this critical season death not unfrequently results.

TREES of all kinds can be transplanted in autumn as soon as they are done growing, indicated by the change in the leaf, up to hard freezing. The earlier this is attended to, especially with large trees, the more certain are they to grow. By transplanting early the roots have time before the season closes of settling well in their new homes and taking a good hold, which will sustain them through the winter, prepared to take an early start in the spring.

OFFENSIVE CISTERN WATER.—The bad odor so often complained of is mainly due to the presence of fine particles of decaying vegetable matter. The best way to avoid it is to pass the water through a filter before it goes into the cistern. What is termed a double cistern is the most convenient method of filtering—that is a partition of brick is put in, which answers for a filter. For temporary relief from offensiveness, sink a bag of charcoal in the water. This will not purify it, but remove in a great part the unpleasant smell.

SCIENCE ON THE FARM.—It was formerly thought by many that if a man was "scientific," he was a little cracked, or at least that he put on the "flashy vest" and "gaudy neckties" of knowledge to make the show which his intellect was not otherwise capable of. To a certain extent, and with some, this was probably true; but the "world moves," and now it is known that science is "knowledge, learning, the comprehension or understanding of truth or facts by the mind."

OCTOBER is an excellent season for setting out dutch bulbs, so called, embracing tulip, hyacinths, narcissus, crocus, snowdrops, lilies, etc. Right at the outset, say, do not procure cheap auction bulbs, far rather do without any. Where these are set in a solid mass an empty space here and there will spoil the whole work. A small perfect bed is preferable to a large irregular one, and gives the owner infinitely more satisfaction. Make the soil light, rich and deep. Surround the bulb with sand, push them down rather deep, cover when planted with coarse manure, and they will pay you well for the trouble.

CLEANING UP.—The rubbish which is left in the fields, in the orchards, gardens, and around the yards, at the close of the season, furnishes hiding places for a vast number of vermin. Eggs and larvæ of destructive insects, chinch bugs and other pests find a safe refuge, wherein to pass the winter in corn-husks, stalks, and stubs, left upon the fields, and upon or beneath pieces of bark, chips, weeds, loose boards, and in corners of out-buildings. If the rubbish is gathered, raked up with horse or hand-rakes, and burned, and buildings whitewashed, myriads of vermin would be destroyed and prevented from propagating. As soon as the fields are cleared from crops, and work in the gardens and orchards ceases, a general clearing up should be made, and no quarter given to vermin of any kind or anywhere.

HOW TO BURY ROOTS.—There is one way of burying roots so that frost will not get at them, and that is the placing of layers of straw between the layers of earth with which they are covered. It is necessary to be more careful with potatoes than with other roots, as they will not stand the slightest frost without being injured. Potatoes should be laid in compact heaps and covered carefully with straw. Over the straw put about eight inches of earth, and over the earth a good thick layer of straw. Over all, put six or eight inches of earth. Frost will go through almost any thickness of earth alone, but it will not penetrate far below the nonconducting straw. The earth should not be packed any harder than will suffice to keep it in place. By using straw and earth combined, time is saved in uncovering when the roots are wanted to be got at. If the snow is blown from the heaps during the winter, and the cold is very intense, it will be well to cover them with a coating of coarse manure.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1875--'76!

OF THE

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DE SOTO;

Or, the Discovery of the Mississippi.

This magnificent picture, copied by SPECIAL permission of the Government from the celebrated painting in the dome of the National Capitol at Washington, has been made solely and expressly for subscribers to the SATURDAY EVENING POST. No one can possibly get it except they subscribe to this paper. The scene laid on the banks of this most wonderful of rivers at or near its junction with the Yazoo, a few miles above the site of the city of Vicksburg, is one full of interest and excitement. De Soto, the most prominent figure of the group, mounted on a fine white charger, handsomely caparisoned, is a noble-looking man of about fifty years of age, and is receiving the homage of the native Indians whom the Spaniards had conquered after a fierce, hard fight. They are offering De Soto and his followers presents of game, tobacco, rich tropical fruits, beautiful birds, and everything they can imagine the Spaniards would enjoy. De Soto is surrounded by his officers and aids, and in the distance is seen the wide, beautiful river. The picture is full of deep, rich color; in it we can see the tropical fruits and flowers, the birds of bright plumage, the rich dress of the Spaniards, and the brilliant ornaments of the natives. This is the largest Chromo ever given with a paper, being 19 by 25 inches.

"De Soto," says Mr. Irving, "was the first European who looked out upon the turbid waters of this magnificent river, and that event has more surely enrolled his name among those who will ever live in American history than if he had discovered mines of silver and gold."

This is a picture that WE are proud of, and one that our agents will find immensely popular. It is especially appropriate this—our great **Centennial**—year, as it is intended to commemorate one of the most important events in the history of the American continent. A publisher of New York writes us as follows: "I have seen all the chromo premiums for this year in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and unhesitatingly pronounce 'De Soto' the finest of the entire collection."

This magnificent work of art we now propose to give away to our subscribers. We have had them mounted on canvas and stretchers, sized, roughed and varnished, for which we make a charge of only 50 cents. But if subscribers insist on having them in the sheet, we can and will furnish them so, but it will cost 20 cents for postage, and then they are shipped at their risk. We would strongly advise all of our subscribers to get them mounted, as it is really a great saving of money and not so much danger of damage.

Judging by what our Agents are *now* doing, we feel fully justified in claiming that with our beautiful and attractive chromo, and really valuable *home paper*, the price of which is *within the reach of all*, A GOOD AGENT CAN TAKE MORE SUBSCRIPTIONS AND MAKE MORE MONEY THAN UPON ANY OTHER PAPER (OR BOOK) IN THE COUNTRY.

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Each member of a club will be entitled to a copy of the above magnificent Chromo, by remitting to us as follows, to cover the expense of mailing, mounting and varnishing, viz.:

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REED, WICKERSHAM & CO.,
Editors and Proprietors,

MANNERS OF GEN'L JACKSON.

The manners of General Jackson were remarkable for their elegance; though most dignified, they were so kind as to put every visitor perfectly at his ease. The courtliness of Old Hickory is a strong proof of his having been one of nature's noblemen; for he lived all his youngest days amid the roughest scenes of America. The following story was told us, a few months since, by a venerable gentleman, whose word is a guarantee for its truth. We publish it, for nothing concerning the personal characteristics of so great a man as General Jackson should be allowed to perish.

One of the leaders of fashion, forty years ago, in this country, was the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. C——, of Maryland. This lady spent some time in Europe while Jackson was President, and from her connection with one of the most renowned families of the British peerage, she saw more of the aristocratic world than falls to the lot of most American ladies. Just before her return home, she appeared at the English Court, and, as she took her leave, George IV. sent a message by her to General Jackson, which he charged her to deliver in person. Accordingly, soon after her arrival, she went to Washington to deliver the message of the king. She had never seen General Jackson, but she had heard so much to his disadvantage from his political adversaries that she was not much prepossessed in his favor. Nevertheless, as she had determined to risk a visit, she sent for James Buchanan to introduce her.

So James went with her to the presidential mansion, and, having escorted her to the reception room, he went up stairs to see the General, whom he found in an old dressing gown, with his pipe in his mouth, and with his gray beard several days old.

He informed him of the elegant lady who had called to see him, and of the purpose of her doing so, and added: "But, General, you are not now in a trim to see ladies; you must fix up."

"Buchanan," replied Old Hickory, "I once knew a man who succeeded very well in the world by attending to his own business."

Upon this hint, James said no more, but went down into the reception room, to await the arrival of the General, and introduce him to Mrs. C——.

In quite a short time, the President came down, well dressed and neatly shaved. Mr. Buchanan introduced him to Mrs. C——.

Left alone with old Andrew, she, with some trepidation, delivered her message to the man whom she had been taught to consider a sort of wildcat, but, she was so much reassured by his captivating manners, that she soon lost all dread of him, and entered into a conversation which lastly nearly an hour; after which she arose to leave, and the President escorted her to the door, where she found Mr. Buchanan waiting for her to hand her to the carriage.

Wishing to find out what impression the General had made upon her, he asked her what she thought of him. She replied that she was most delighted with him, and completed her eulogy thus: "I have traveled extensively, and have been at most of the courts of Europe, but at none of them have I ever seen a man who, in elegance of manners, could compare with General Jackson."

ONE SPECIES OF INSANITY.

BY FANNY FERN.

Did you ever see a woman who was possessed by the house-cleaning fiend—not periodically, but at all times—who would go about drawing her fingers over every lounge and table and chair, peering into cracks and crannies for crooked pins and lint, holding tumblers up to the light for finger-marks; in short, so utterly absorbed in the pursuit of dirt that every other pursuit was as nothing in comparison?

Now, being New England born, I know what neatness is, and value it as only a New Englander can; but when it takes such a shape as this, and robs life of all its charms, I turn my back upon it with righteous disgust. Who thanks these zealous furies for their self-imposed labors? Certainly not their husbands, who flee into corners from dust-pans and dust-brushes, and weary of the recitals of their prowess day by day. Certainly not their children, who have no place to stow away their little sacred property in the shape of bright bits of silk or paper or broken cups, which are dear and precious to them, and should always be held in respect within proper innocent limits.

Oh, ye careful and troubled Marthas of the household! stop and take breath. Place a flower on the mantel, that you and your household may perhaps have some in your lives. While you stop to rest, read. So shall the cobwebs be brushed from your neglected brain, and you shall learn that something else besides cleanliness is necessary to make home *really* home for those dependent on your care.

Throw your broom out of doors, take your children by the hand, and let the fresh wind touch your wrinkled forehead. If your house is wound up to such an immaculate pitch of cleanliness, it can run on a few hours without care. Laugh and talk with them, or, better still, listen to their foolish-wise talk. Bring home a bit of gingerbread for each of them, and play some simple game with them. Put on the freshest dress you have, and ask your husband when he comes in if he recognizes his wife.

"I wish my mother looked as pretty as you," said a little girl one day to a neighbor.

"But your mamma is much prettier than I," replied the neighbor.

Truth was, that the child's mother always was in a wrapper, unless company was expected. The rest of the time she was under the dominion of the house-cleaning fiend, and the children fled from such a joyless, utilitarian home, where no flower of beauty could ever get time to take root and blossom.

There is little need to misinterpret my meaning. Many a ruined life has come of a joyless home. Your children take to the sunlight as naturally as do the flowers. Shut it out of your houses, and they will go abroad in search of it; you may be sure of that. Isn't this worth thinking about, Oh ye mothers careful and troubled about many things, and yet so blind to your first and greatest duty?

SPANISH law prohibits marriage between parties above the age of seventy, but a younger man may marry as old a woman as he pleases.

POSTSCRIPTS.

BREAKFAST in York and supper in Ohio is the possibility offered by the new mail train.

A MICHIGAN stump speaker boldly announced the other day that "the country is drifting into arnica."

THE Bushes, quite an aristocratic family, are out in fall style, with various shades of red and yellow.

THE last Parisian feminine novelty is a penholder, of which the top is a long, beautiful curved ostrich feather.

"THE Rising Daughters of Sepulchre" is the mysterious title of a colored female association in Jacksonville, Fla.

THERE are 140,000 marriageable girls in California. The precious products of the State seem absolutely without limit.

THE prisoners in the Nebraska State Penitentiary publish a newspaper. The round of the local reporter is said to be somewhat contracted.

A BIG crop of oysters is set down for the New Jersey coast this year, four million bushels being the estimate. The oystermen are already in a stew.

SOME idea of the conjugal happiness of the King of Holland may be obtained from the fact that his wife, the Queen, can talk every language that is spoken in Europe.

AS MANY as nine English lark's wings were seen on a hat at a recent New York opening. They were all arranged on one side and formed only a part of the trimmings.

THEY knight a man for almost anything in England. They propose now to make Captain Webb a baronet for swimming across the channel. Of course he will be a Knight of the Bath.

CHICAGO has improved on the invention of a card inscribed "hire a hall," or "this man was talked to death," intended for the discouragement of professional bores. The present device is a small cork fastened by a thread to the button-hole. When a speaker has outtalked his welcome the victim calmly places the cork in his near ear.

APROPOS of the introduction of our fast mail trains, which make on an average about forty miles an hour, it may be said that, after all, as compared with English railroad traveling, the time is not so remarkable. For instance, the Scotch mail makes 388 miles from Edinburgh to London, in nine and a half hours, the actual running time being a little inside of eight hours, or at an average speed of fifty miles an hour.

FOR the music of the churches in New York city more than half a million dollars are annually expended! In some of the churches sums varying from $2000 to $7850 are paid to choirs; while single individuals, organists, sopranos, contraltos, etc., receive for their Sunday performances $1000, $2000, and even as high as $3500. The practice equally prevails in other places. It reigns not only in the larger cities, but is spreading to the smaller towns. There is in truth an immense craving for artistic music in the worship of the church. But, on the other hand, as all music is elevating, why is not that worship? And as it is more satisfying to the soul than the preaching too frequently, why not have more music and less sermonizing?

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

In view of the proposition made that, at our approaching Centennial, we adopt the costumes of a century ago, it is pleasant to know that those costumes were eminently becoming to the wearers. The gentleman in those days wore when he went out, a wig, white stock, white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, with white silk stockings, and fine broadcloth or velvet coat. At home, instead of his wig, he had on a velvet cap, and sometimes a fine linen one under it, and his coat gave place to a gown, frequently of colored damask lined with silk, while fancy colored leather slippers covered his feet. A gentleman's snuff-box was as indispensable as the cigar is now, and courtesy was shown in taking the weed in this form with a friend. Ladies wore those elegant silk and brocade dresses which are still so much admired, and their hair, dressed with powder and pomatum, was elevated much higher above their heads than the most soaring and ambitious locks of their fair descendants of to-day. The clergy wore wigs, gowns and bands in the pulpit, and the cocked hats which they wore in the street distinguished them from their brethren of to-day, whose white cravats sometimes make it difficult to discriminate between them and hotel waiters or ordinary diners-out. The houses, in those days, with their spacious halls and ample fire-places and stair-ways, were very suggestive of solid comfort. The punch-bowl was a notable article in families of substantial means, and its contents a customary treat for company. Hotels on the scale of our modern caravansaries were unknown; but there were taverns and coffee houses where a good deal of solid comfort could be secured. In fact, our forefathers believed in comfort, and would be astonished to see what a scramble their descendants make of life.

LOCOMOTIVES.

American locomotives seem destined to play quite an important part in the development of the material resources of Russia. Although it is but three years since the first American locomotive was exported to that country, the trade has already assumed extensive proportions, and is growing commensurately with the development of the railroad lines of that empire. The small locomotives heretofore built there, as also those imported from Germany, France and Belgium were all constructed for the consumption of wood for fuel, till our agents had brought the attention of the consuming departments to the fact that anthracite coal of the best quality was to be found in the town of Worcnesh, in Southern Russia, extending over one hundred and eighty miles, and that whole regions were abounding with it in the southern half of the empire, sufficient to feed the locomotives of the whole continent. Our locomotives being expressly built for coal consumption only, have since led Russian capital to the development of the now numerous coal mines in the districts named.

The first ten locomotives were imported into St. Petersburg in 1872, from the Baldwin Locomotive Works, of this city, and were followed by twenty more from the same firm. An extensive trade in this line is growing up, Russia having, as yet, only eighteen thousand miles of railway.

THE following incident in the life of Madame MacMahon is related: In the middle of the winter of 1838, a fire broke out in the female seminary at Limoges, France, and spread with such rapidity that it was feared all the inmates would perish. Suddenly there was a cry that one little girl had been left in her room. As the excited spectators were beginning to pray for the unfortunate child, a tall girl, with disheveled blonde hair and flowing nightgown, out through the crowd, and, with a shriek of "I'll save her!" that rose above the sound of crackling timbers and falling masonry, dashed into the doorway. A loud hurrah that was prolonged to the echo only to be repeated again attracted the attention of the devotees, and the pale-faced girl was seen skipping through the flames with the terrified child. A few days thereafter King Louis Philippe sent the heroine a gold medal for her bravery, and a captain of the French army, who had witnessed the girl's pluck, begged an introduction. The captain is now President of France and the brave girl Madame MacMahon.

AMERICAN INVENTIONS.—The great American inventions, which have been adopted all over the world, are the following: 1. The cotton gin, without which the machine spinner and the power loom would be helpless. 2. The planing machine. 3. The grass mower and grain reaper. 4. The rotary printing press. 5. Navigation by steam. 6. The hot-air (caloric) engine. 7. The sewing machine. 8. The India-rubber industry. 9. The machine manufacture of horseshoes. 10. The sand blast (for carving). 11. The gauge lathe. 12. The grain elevator. 13. The artificial manufacture of ice on a large scale. 14. The electro-magnet and its practical application by Henry and Morse. 15. The only successful composing machine for printers.

Under the management of Messrs. Reed, Wickersham & Co., the old SATURDAY EVENING POST is adding largely to its popularity. Among its contributors are some of the best writers in the country, and we see that in the last issue a new story of Indian life, by Hon. Wm. F. Cody, ("Buffalo Bill,") is commenced.—*Sunday Republic, Philada.*

The Maintenance of Health.

The maintenance of health is often more difficult than its recovery. Vitiated conditions of the atmosphere, unhealthy occupations, extremes of heat or cold, and constant exposure to rough weather, are all so many provocations of disease. There is but one sure way of effectually guarding the system when thus subjected to influences prejudicial to health, and that is to establish, by judicious tonic and alterative medication, vigor of the body and regularity of its functions. The properties of an invigorant and corrective are happily combined in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, at the same time that it infuses unwonted vitality into the system, overcomes all tendency of the stomach, liver, bowels and urinary organs to deviate from regularity in the discharge of functions upon which the welfare of the entire physical organization is dependent. Health cannot be more effectually maintained than by using the Bitters.

I HAVE BEEN SUBJECT TO HARD BREATHING from infancy, and last year was so very bad, that I thought I would have died, being scarcely able to breathe. In this state I was advised by your agent to use Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which I did, obtaining from the first doses such relief, that I afterwards fell into much needed sleep, awakening quite refreshed and easy; I gradually mended, and ever since have been quite free from that disease.—*Henry S. Flood, Allahabad, India.*

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handsful, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

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The People's Remedy.

The Universal Pain Extractor.

Note: Ask for Pond's Extract.

Take no other.

"Hear, for I will speak of excellent things."

POND'S EXTRACT.—The great **Vegetable Pain Destroyer.** Has been in use over **thirty years,** and for cleanliness and prompt curative virtues cannot be excelled.

CHILDREN.—No family can afford to be without **Pond's Extract. Accidents, Bruises, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains,** are relieved almost instantly by external application. Promptly relieves pains or **Burns, Scalds, Excoriations, Chafings, Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Corns,** etc. Arrests inflamation, reduces swellings, stops bleeding, removes discolorations and heals rapidly.

FEMALE WEAKNESSES.—It always relieves pain in the back and loins, fullness and pressing pain in the head, nausea, vertigo.

IN LEUCORRHŒA it has no equal. All kinds of **ulcerations** to which ladies are subject are promptly cured. Fuller details in book accompanying each bottle.

PILES—**blind or bleeding**—meet prompt relief and ready cure. No case, however chronic or obstinate, can long resist its regular use.

VARICOSE VEINS.—It is the only sure cure for this distressing and dangerous condition.

KIDNEY DISEASES.—It has no equal for permanent cure.

BLEEDING from any cause. For this it is a specific. It has saved hundreds of lives when all other remedies failed to arrest bleeding from piles, stomach, lungs, and elsewhere.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Toothache and Earache are all alike relieved, and often permanently cured.

PHYSICIANS of all schools who are acquainted with **Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel** recommend it in their practice. We have letters of commendation from hundreds of Physicians, many of whom order it for use in their own practice. In addition to the foregoing, they order its use for **Swellings** of all kinds, **Quinsy, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils,** simple and chronic **Diarrhœa, Catarrh,** (for which it is a specific,) **Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Stings of Insects, Mosquitoes,** etc., **Chapped Hands, Face,** and indeed all manner of skin diseases.

TOILET USE.—Removes **Soreness, Roughness,** and **Smarting** from **Cuts, Eruptions,** and **Pimples.** It *resists, invigorates,* and *refreshes,* while wonderfully improving the **Complexion.**

TO FARMERS.—**Pond's Extract.** No Stock Breeder, no Livery Man can afford to be without it. It is used by all the Leading Livery Stables, Street Railroads and first Horsemen in New York City. It has no equal for **Sprains, Harness or Saddle Chafings, Stiffness, Scratches, Swellings, Cuts, Lacerations, Bleeding, Pneumonia, Colic, Diarrhœa, Chills, Colds,** etc. Its range of action is wide, and the relief it affords is so prompt that it is invaluable in every Farm-yard as well as in every Farm-house. Let it be tried once, and you will never be without it.

CAUTION.—**Pond's Extract** has been imitated. The genuine article has the words **Pond's Extract** blown in each bottle. It is prepared by the **only persons living who ever knew how** to prepare it properly. Refuse all other preparations of Witch Hazel. This is the only article used by Physicians, and in the hospitals of this country and Europe.

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EXPLANATIONS of all the stops—pedal and swell—their nature, uses, compass and combinations, are given in Clarke's Improved School for the Parlor Organ, by Hugh A. Clarke, and are found in no other instructor. The work is superior. Price, $2.50. Lee & Walker, Phila.

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

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Beware of the counterfeits and base imitations. As Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is so well known all over the country, druggists themselves make an imitation and try to palm it off on their customers, when they call for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.

Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is put up only in $1 bottles, and has a yellow wrapper nicely put on the outside with the proprietor's photograph on the wrapper of each bottle. Always look for the photograph on the outside, and you will always be sure to get the genuine. $1 per bottle, or six for $5 dollars. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere.

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Head and all complete in two hours. No fee till head passes. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms removed by Dr. KUNKEL, 259 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circular. For removing all ordinary worms, call on your druggist and get a bottle of KUNKEL'S WORM SYRUP. Price, $1.

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Prevents the Hair from Falling.

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Is not Greasy nor Sticky.

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Judge for Yourself.

BY SENDING 25 CENTS, WITH AGE, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, P. O. Drawer, 100, Fultonville, N. Y.

CARDS, 50 Stylish Visiting Cards for 25cts. *Send stamp for samples* of all styles before ordering elsewhere. Agents wanted. G. B. ULLMAN, 12 Winter St., Boston.

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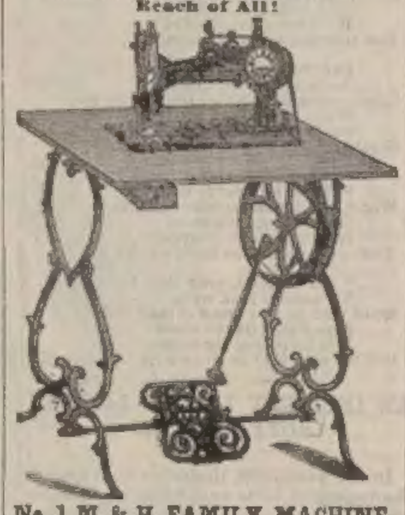

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THE BOUDOIR.

How aptly the old proverb comes in, "Time changes and our minds with it," when we contemplate a fashion plate of a few years gone by. What amplitude of crinoline was needed to make up the desired appearance, which should be pronounced "irreproachable;" what unnatural bags of horsehair and human hair—the former, however, far preferable to the odious jute which succeeded it—were complacently, if not comfortably, carried upon the nape of the neck, and designated, in derision, surely, "waterfalls." What mites of hats rested upon dainty noses, "tip-tilted" downwards at an angle of forty-five degrees. While there is yet much in the present styles that lay them open to satirical criticism; there is also this to be said in their favor, "the line of beauty," with its mystic curves, is not so cruelly distorted as when crinoline and "waterfalls" were regnant. The very extravagance and license of taste that now prevail, give an air of general picturesqueness to the promenade which it did not possess before.

Among the late importations for the autumn, are dinner and carriage dresses of a new style, and great elegance. They are composed of silk and velvet, and have the distinctive feature of a moveable train, which may be either round or square at the bottom, and which is worn above the back widths of the underskirt, concealing them entirely, no matter how rich may be the material of which they are composed. This train, which is a modification of the "court train," in vogue some time ago, is generally made of velvet, and is plain and untrimmed. A charming costume of this kind was shown in deep marine blue silk, combined with velvet of a shade darker. The underskirt was of silk, trimmed with two box-pleated ruches of velvet, each lined with silk. The tablier of the overskirt was of silk, long and square, trimmed with a ruche of dark blue ostrich tips, below which fell a deep, netted fringe. The square train consisted of three widths of velvet, not draped, and falling in soft, graceful folds. The corsage was a cuirass of silk with velvet vest and sleeves, these latter trimmed just above the wrist with three narrow ruches of feathers—a similar ruche encircles the neck.

A costume for the street consisted of an underskirt of striped cashmere, ecru ground with brown satin stripes, trimmed at the bottom with a knife pleating of brown glace silk—this in turn headed by a two inch ruche of the same; ten inches above this pleating is a puff and ruche of the silk. The overskirt is deep and rounded, trimmed with a knife pleating of silk, and has sash ends of the cashmere, edged with the knife pleating of silk, and tied in a double bow, which hangs in easy loops, and fills up the space between the sides of the overskirt. The basque is a plain cuirass, corded on the edge, and trimmed just above with three narrow milliner's folds of silk. The sleeves are cut bias, and have two knife pleatings of silk, one drooping towards the hand, the other turning back from it. A round standing collar of silk finishes the neck.

A charming evening dress was of pink silk and striped silk tissue of a creamy white, very transparent between the stripes. The underskirt of pink silk had a long train, and two flounces upon the bottom, each ten inches deep; above these was a wide puff of the tissue. The overskirt of tissue had a diagonally-lapped front, with pointed ends, the bottom edged with a deep, soft crimped silk fringe of mingled pink and white. This fringe was carried up the diagonal line of intersection across the front, and a stylish effect was produced. The corsage was a low-necked, short-sleeved cuirass basque, which buttoned in front with delicately-tinted cameo shell button; it was entirely covered with the silk tissue, through which the pink silk showed delicately. Two milliner's folds edged it, and four similar folds surrounded the neck. A puff of tissue over silk joined the small sleeves, and a fall of Valenciennes lace, three inches deep, gave a pretty finish to them. A standing scarlet frill of the same lace was placed around the neck. A cluster of pink roses, with buds and naturally-tinted foliage, was placed upon the centre of the bosom—from thence a garland of similar flowers fell—passing under the left arm, crossing the back and looping the overskirt upon the right side, a long trailing spray hanging gracefully down. A cluster of these flowers was placed in the hair, directly above the rolls at the back, in fact, almost upon the centre of the head, the effect being coquettish and odd. Six button kid gloves of a creamy tint were worn with this toilette—and a fan, of cream-colored satin, pointed with sprays of pink roses. Nothing more fresh or charming for a young debutante can be imagined.

Among the hats for autumn are some odd but stylish looking ones of gray felt, with wide top rims of fur. The trimming consists of a scarf of twilled silk, which loops the left side, while the right is bent down; a shaded wing of greenish blue, is placed among the loops of the scarf at the back. A cluster of salmon white and dark red chrysanthemums, with long rubber stems, droop from under the brim over the right shoulder. Among the velvet hats and bonnets, there are few that have not either the flaring front or aureole revers. These fronts are lined with silk, sometimes of a contrasting shade, sometimes creamy white. Some of the bonnets have soft, puffed crowns; some are covered with ruches of ostrich tips. Strings of black tulle are worn very long, taken back, crossed under the knot of hair, brought around the throat in front.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Black, brown, and gray undressed kid gloves, with from three to four buttons, will be fashionable for the promenade.

Neckties of sheer white Swiss, or French muslin, with the ends wrought in guipure pattern in white silk twist, and the muslin, cut away from under the pattern afterwards, are much worn in the house.

Martha Washington handkerchief or collarettes of crepe de chine, or muslin edged with lace, are fashionable still, and are largely manufactured by leading houses.

Beaded pockets and belts are shown in new and rich designs.

"Grape color" is the name of a new tint in gloves. It is a bluish plum color, and pretty.

For information received thanks are due Homer Colladay & Co., Philadelphia.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F.—Your hair switch will cost from $10 to $20. A small one would be $5.

Miss Jennie N.—We did not receive your letter for quite a time after it was written, but we replied at once by mail, and trust our answer was satisfactory.

Ella R. F.—The word is pronounced as if spelled "acru," instead of "ecru." The point de russe embroidery is very fashionable; but the newest style of fancy work is the application of fanciful figures and designs, in bright felt, mingled with silk embroidery, upon gray or white Turkish towelling, of which cushions and chair covers are then made.

Mrs G.—The price of the pattern you desire would be forty-five cents. We think the prettiest way for you to make the dress in question would be with a French yoke, and a tablier front, alternately tucked and puffed. Yes, the wrappers can be worn over them, but it is not the general custom now. All the dresses are cut high in the neck, and a braided or embroided flannel shawl is wrapped around the shoulders. We should advise you to embroider the merino shawl. We are very happy to answer your questions at any time. Do not hesitate to ask as many as you please.

Nixon.

PAT'S CRITICISM.

There's a story that's old,
But good if twice told,
Of a doctor of limited skill,
Who cured beast and man
On the "cold water plan,"
Without the small help of a pill.

On his portal of pine
Hung an elegant sign,
Depicting a beautiful rill,
And a lake, where a sprite,
With apparent delight
Was sporting in sweet dishabille.

Pat McCarthy, one day,
As he sauntered that way,
Stood and gazed at that portal of pine.
When the doctor with pride
Stepped up to his side,
Saying: "Pat, how is that for a sign?"

"There's wan thing," says Pat,
"We've left out o' that,
Which, be jabers, is quite a mistake,
It's trim and it's nate,
But to make it complate
Ye shud have a foine burd on the lake."

"Ah! indeed, pray then tell,
To make it look well,
What bird do you think it may lack?"
Says Pat, "Of the same
I've forgotten the name,
But the song that he sings is quack! quack!"

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF BUFFALO BILL.

In the year 1859, there lived, in one of the beautiful little valleys on the banks of the Smoky Hill, George Henderson, with his wife and three children, Katy, Alma and Harry, the oldest, about fourteen, rather large for her age, with a form equal to Venus, and hair and eyes of a bright chestnut color, the former extremely long and beautiful; the latter were wonderfully impressive, and when she would look upon you with her large, round, full eyes, combined with her beautiful red cheeks, given to her by the God of nature, and the lively expression which illuminated her countenance, you could only compare her with some heavenly being. Alma, a beautiful little brunette of six years, with her prattling tongue, made the trapper's home a perfect paradise. Let all be cast down, this little cherub would always make home bright and cheerful. She was more of the disposition of her mother, who still bore traces of a beautiful woman. Harry, the only son, bore the likeness of his father, and even at the age of twelve, he could master the rifle, and many a deer had succumbed to his deadly aim.

This happy family, as it can truly be called, had lived free from any molestation. Even the Kiowas and Arrapahoe Indians would give the little rancho the go by, or else stop and exchange a civil word with the inmates. Henderson had no enemies, and was greatly beloved by all who knew him. As a hunter and trapper he was very successful, and would make frequent trips to the States to dispose of his furs; and it was generally believed that he had accumulated some money from his labors. Money is the worst enemy that man can have, at times, and particularly on the plains, which are overrun with desperadoes, half-breeds, jaw-hawkers, and gamblers, all of which must have money, and that at all hazards. The half-breeds and jaw-hawkers are all on friendly terms with the Indians, whom they get intoxicated with whisky, and put them up to do acts that they themselves would sicken to look upon. The gambler and desperado is invariably a combination (where he is one he is both), but, hard hearted as he is, he would scorn stooping to a level with these murderers, and, at this time, every Indian nation on the plains has one or more of these hyenas among them, and who really are the cause of so much war and devastation among the frontiermen. Money these half-breeds must have, and even at the cost of life, which they are too cowardly to take themselves, but hire Indians as their tools—but to return to the hunter's home, which he calls his little "out-fit." This is a common phrase among Western men when alluding to anything, no matter how great or trifling it is, "that's my out-fit," "you bet," &c.; but no one could have loved his family more than Henderson. This was always plainly shown by the manner in which he embraced them on his return, after an absence of several days; and how fondly he was received by the little ones. They would hold on to his hunting shirt, and follow his footsteps for a whole day after his return, and he would enjoy these caresses and proofs of child's love, while the mother would look on with a bright smile, as lovingly as only woman can.

In December, 1859, Henderson having just returned from the States, where he had been to sell his furs, was sitting in his doorway answering the merry questions that the little prattler, Alma, was asking him about Leavenworth City, and St. Louis, wanting to know if they had as nice houses in St. Louis as their log cabin was. Katy had both arms around her father's neck, while Harry stood leaning on his gun. Mrs. Henderson was looking over the nice, warm clothing and other useful articles that her husband had brought home. All were interested and in the highest of glee, for papa had come home. This picture of happiness was broken by a loud, double report from two rifles, and George Henderson fell dead at his children's feet, struck to the heart with a cruel rifle-bullet. Almost immediately, the perpetrators of this hellish crime came yelling from their hiding-place, with tomahawks and knives drawn; but their advance for a moment was checked. Of the foremost of these four savages, Harry's death-dealing rifle sent a bullet to the heart. This, poor boy, was the last shot he ever made. The report of his gun had scarce died away when a bullet from an Indian's gun crushed in his forehead. Then commenced the slaughter on the helpless and innocent, the two girls clinging to their mother, who was stuck down between them. One stroke from the unmerciful tomahawk stopped the little, prattling tongue of Alma, while Katy, poor girl, tried to evade the blows aimed at her by the drunken savage, and had almost succeeded, when again the death-dealing rifle spit forth its fire, and poor Katy—alas for her! The Indians, drunken and crazed at the loss of one of their braves, commenced to drag their bodies from the house and scalps them. Then, forgetting, under the excitement, that plunder was their mission, they set fire to the cabin, then commenced to yell and dance around their victims, as if they were descendants from the infernal regions. This was their feast, and they were enjoying it, but only for a short time.

Henderson was from Iowa, the nativity of Buffalo Bill. They were both much attached to each other, and, on different occasions, had rendered valuable service to one another, and, at this time, Bill was guiding a small army down to New Mexico, taking in his route the Smoky Hill folks; and he also concluded to stop and see his old friend, as he was then some six hours ahead of his little army. Winding his way to his friend's home, imagine his feelings, when he came in sight of the butchery, as it really was. As he emerged into the clearing, he was awe-struck, but only for an instant; then levelling his death-dealing rifle, Lucretia, he fired, the ball passing through one Indian into another, killing them both. The remaining Indian fired in return, wounding Bill in the leg, shattering the bone in a frightful manner, and from which he has never fully recovered. This savage, thinking he had him mortally wounded, advanced to take the guide's scalp, which Bill thinks much of, and so did the Indian, for he lost his life trying to get it. Bill then hobbled and crawled to the bodies of his dead friends, and found Mrs. Henderson still living, and from her got the account of this horrible butchery. The army came up and rendered the best medical aid to both; but alas! for poor Mrs. Henderson! The poor woman had nothing to live for, wounded as she was, together with the sight of her beloved children slaughtered, was too much for humanity to bear, and soon her spirit was wafted to that heaven of eternal happiness.—*Rocky Mountain News.*

OUR ZOO.

BEAR PITS, ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, PHILADELPHIA.

THE BEAR PITS.

These will be found at the eastern side of the Zoological garden, Philadelphia, on the river walk, and are divided into three compartments, each having contrivances for the pleasure as well as for the comfort of the bears. The species now dwelling in the pits are:

1. The Grizzly Bear. (*Ursus horribilis.*)
2. The Black Bear. (*Ursus americanus.*)
3. The Cinnamon Bear. (*Ursus americanus, variety.*)
4. The Brown Bear. (*Ursus arctos.*)

The Grizzly Bear is an inhabitant of many parts of North America, having a geographical range from the great plains west of the Missouri, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, through Upper California to the Pacific Ocean.

Naturalists have made out five distinct species of these animals, and next to the Polar Bear, superior to him in ferocity and tenacity of life, is placed the Grizzly, which is to the American fauna what the Bengal tiger is to that of Hindostan and the lion to that of Central Africa. It is of comparative late discovery, having been first distinguished by Lewis and Clark in their Western explorations.

The Grizzly is the most savage of all his race, and if it be uncertain as to whether he will voluntarily attack a human being, it is quite certain that if attacked he will pursue the assailant to the last, nor quit the conflict as long as he has life. He is also the most tenacious of life of all animals, one shot by Governor Clark's party, after receiving ten balls in his body, four of which passed through his lungs and two through his heart, swam half a mile and survived twenty minutes before he succumbed to his fate.

The color of the Grizzly is extremely variable, so much so that naturalists have been led to believe that there were two distinct species. This, however, has been proved to be a mistake—there being but one.

The Black Bear ranges all through the northern and western parts of America, and formerly was much more abundant than now. It is an excellent climber, and is most passionately fond of honey; few trees, no matter how smooth the trunk or how difficult the branches to mount, can baffle his skill, and he will eventually surmount all difficulties to get at the wild bees' store. Once in possession of the hive, however much the bees may buzz and sting, he doesn't leave it as long as any obtainable honey remains.

In captivity, the bears seem never to have the appetites satisfied, and the quantity of apples, nuts and buns or cakes of any kind they will eat, is almost incalculable; and no matter how much has been given, they are continually asking the visitors, who are very liberal, for more.

The pair of Black Bears now in the pit came from Utah Territory, and were presented by Brigham Young. Two fine cubs were born in the garden in the month of February, 1875, but were devoured by one or both parents soon after they were born. The propensity to devour their young, to us unaccountable, is possessed by many animals beside the bears.

The Cinnamon Bear is but a variety of the Black Bear, and receives its name from the color of its rich brown fur. The flesh of this bear is held in high esteem by the hunters as well as the native Indians, and when well prepared is considered quite a delicacy by the denizens of more civilized localities than the animal's native range. It is, when not captive, remarkably prolific, the number of cubs produced at a birth being from one to four. These are very small when born, being not more than six or eight inches in length. At six months of age they take care of themselves, and for the first year of their existence their coat is gray; but when they reach the second year a change takes place to black, after that another change to the rich cinnamon brown, hence the name.

Years ago the Cinnamon Bear's fur was largely in demand for trimmings to ladies' garments, and less than twenty years ago a single one, first-class, could, in London, demand one hundred dollars; but fashion took the skin of the "White-thighed" Monkey for the same purpose, and the Cinnamon's since has, at no time, been worth over twenty dollars.

The Brown Bear is common to both Europe and America, as well as Central Asia, having thus a very wide geographical range. This bear is thought by naturalists to be closely related, if it be not the exact species, to the animal referred to in II. Kings, ii. 24.

The Brown Bear is fiercer and more savage than the American Black Bear, especially when grown old; then he will not hesitate to attack man, and if he has once tasted blood will greatly enjoy human flesh. It grows to an enormous size, some having been killed by the hunters were found to weigh from six to eight hundred pounds.

In its natural state, the bear stops feeding about the end of October, and from that time—having laid up store enough in his system—until the middle of April, he remains in his den in a dull, lethargic state, which is called "hibernation;" and experienced hunters say he is as fat at the end of his long five month's sleep as he was at the beginning!

If captured young, the Brown Bear is capable of being easily tamed, as well as mastering many accomplishments. In captivity none of the bears hibernate, strictly speaking.

FEVER AND AGUE.

The *Journal of Health*, in speaking of fever and ague, says: "It is more prevalent during the spring and fall than at other seasons. The reason is that the changes of temperature are then more sudden and more frequent. There are persons who have lived many years in fever and ague districts without having had the disease. With proper care and attention all might avoid it. An observance of these simple rules would generally ward off the disease: Avoid exposure to the damp air of the early morning and the early evening, except when exercising, and then do not remain in the open air to cool off. Avoid great fatigue. Sleep eight hours out of twenty-four. Be sure that the water used for drinking and cooking is perfectly pure. Wear flannel underclothing at all seasons. Keep the feet dry and warm. To cure fever and ague take twelve grains of quinine at one dose, about an hour before the chill is expected. Just one week from that hour take another twelve grains of quinine. The disease will seldom return. This is the dose for an adult. Children should take smaller doses, according to age. The reason that decided doses of quinine cure fever and ague seems to be that the disease receives a shock which breaks it. Small doses of quinine only hold it in check during the time the medicine is being taken; as soon as it is suspended the disease usually returns. Hence the popular notion that the quinine only 'feeds' the disease. The fault is not with the medicine, but in the manner of administering it. While we do not believe in encouraging the employment of medicine, we are bound to say that quinine, periodically administered, has proved the only 'dead-shot' for fever and ague in our practice."

If the sparks struck from a flint by a steel be made to fall on a leaf of paper, they will be found, when examined by a microscope, to consist for the most part of small globules of steel, detached by the shock, and fused by the friction.

A TURTLE-PEN.

One of the sights that arrest the attention of summer tourists at Pleasure Bay is a Turtle-pen where the ordinary terrapin are hatched and grown for the New York market. The pen is a large enclosure, two-thirds of which is under water and the rest is sandy beach. It now contains about seven thousand turtles, and in the sand are eggs estimated to number thirty thousand. A silent approach on a sunshiny day is rewarded by a ludicrous spectacle. They lie so thick on the white sand that only a little uncovered space is left. Undisturbed they seem almost lifeless, but the slightest noise frightens them. Then they start for the water and tumble in with a succession of splashes, but soon return to land again. They lay their eggs in the sand, where the heat of the sun suffices to hatch them. The young turtles are removed to a smaller pen as soon as they are out of their shells, and a pool provides for them the requisite water. Netting is drawn over this pen as a protection against cats, who find young turtle suited to their taste. Cats thus baffled may often be seen sitting on the posts of the enclosure, looking longingly down upon the unattainable delicacy. The turtles, when half grown, are transferred to the large pen. Their food is live fish, which are put into the water in large numbers. The turtles grow slowly, and attain a size of about ten inches long by seven wide. Then they are sent alive to the New York market, to go finally into the popular soup and steaks. To most palates they are not distinguishable from the larger Key West turtles. The producer realizes for them from twelve to eighteen dollars a dozen.

SERMON FOR A HOT SUNDAY.

"Hyatt Smith's column" in the *Baptist Union* opens with the bit of autobiography:

It was a summer Sabbath morning. The mercury was high up among the nineties. My house was well filled with my warm friends. At the close of the introductory service, which was unusually brief, I said to the suffering assembly, "Dear brethren, I do not believe that the Lord is pleased with our attempt to obey one law of His ordaining by the violation of another. It seems to me that the law written upon the fleshly tablets is as binding as that which was engraved upon the tables of stone. I will not preach this morning. I recommend that you each go to your house, and in the briefest time take your place in the bath room, and turning on the cold water, sit down and quietly meditate upon the goodness of God. Receive the benediction."

I am confident that I never preached a more popular sermon. It was a moving discourse. There was no religion in their "suffering the word of exhortation."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Nitrous oxide gas is dangerous to inhale unless perfectly pure.

Asbestos is now largely used in the manufacture of boiler felting.

Pounded alum will purify water. One teaspoonful of alum to four gallons of the water will cause a precipitation of the impurities.

The thaumascope is a cheap and excellent substitute for the magic lantern. It does not require glass sides, but will enlarge photographs, prints, and the illustrations of a book without injuring the volume, and will also reflect live insects and fishes on the screen. Though not equal to the magic lantern in intensity of light, it surpasses that instrument in the variety of its illustrations and the scope of its usefulness, and can be obtained for very much less than a magic lantern. For educational purposes it is very valuable, and a delightful source of parlor amusements.

Pictorial Tiles.—A comparitively new mode of employing tiles for the lining of rooms has been introduced by Messrs. Simpson, who have decorated the interior of several important buildings in this manner. The tiles are placed together in their unglazed state, and a picture is painted upon them. They are then taken asunder and put into the furnace and subjected to great heat and glazed. If this is successfully accomplished, the tiles can now be fixed against the wall of the room and present an absolutely indestructible decoration, which can be washed as often as it is needed, though from its high glaze it is not easily apt to catch dirt.

Here is a list of some of the wonders seen through a microscope: Insects of various kinds can be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mold, a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers, and fruits. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales, like fish. A single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a single scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself out like water through a sieve. The mites make five hundred steps a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like oxen on a meadow. A speck of potato rot the size of a pin head, contains about two hundred ferocious little animals, biting and clawing each other savagely. The male musquito is decorated with plumes like those of some tropical bird. The eye of the common house fly is cut into facets, as diamonds sometimes are.

Early in the eighteenth century, some Jewish speculators offered to pay four million dollars for the privilege of searching the bottom of the Tiber, with the intention of reclaiming some of the treasures supposed to be lost and buried there. Lately the Italian Parliament have approved of this same project, as presented to them by the great Italian patriot, Garibaldi. This will be done by turning the river from its course a mile above and below Rome, by way of an artificial channel. The work will be looked forward to with a great deal of interest, as many things of interest will be brought to view from the depths where they have laid so long, and the enterprise, no doubt, will more than repay the expense incurred. Not only much wealth of later centuries lies here concealed, but from the time of Romulus, before we commenced to reckon our centuries, until the present, has this river been made the receptacle for wealth forgotten and untold.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Declined with Thanks.—Retribution. A Disconsolate Lover. "Loved at Home." Life in the Alleghanies. May Morton's Fortune. Cardan, the Galley Slave. To my Neil.

Fiddler.—Don't you mean a violin? If so, the best self-instructor we can recommend you is Winner's Violin Study, which we can send you on receipt of seventy-five cents.

An Old Reader (Lancaster, Pa.).—Have nothing whatever to do with the parties to whose circular you refer—stock transactions are attended with too great a risk to be engaged in by inexperienced persons, so you had better leave them alone.

Lyceum.—If you will send us your name and address, we can send you names of several recent works containing Dialogues, Debates, and such like, together with prices. When you write you had better state what kind of dialogues you want, whether serious, humorous, or otherwise.

H. A. W.—The price of Bancroft's History of the United States, which is in 10 volumes, is $25.00. We can get it for you. 2. It is utterly impossible for us to answer this question. 3. The Ægean Sea was that part of the Mediterranean now called the Archipelago. The origin of the name is unknown, but most probably it was called after old King Ægeus, father of Theseus.

Polly G.—We have not met with any recipe for such a preparation. 2. Leave your eyelashes to nature. 3. Writing very good. 4. A few drops of oil of roses or lavender, as advised several times. 5. Try magnesia spread over the spots and pressed with a hot iron. 6. From six to twelve months, according to the degree of kindred. 7. Not too young to be engaged, but too young for marriage.

Maud and Helen.—Your friends tell you truly; flirting is a very dangerous pastime for young ladies, however "jolly" you may now consider it. Very many young ladies have bitterly repented giving way to such girlish folly. 2. Certainly; most young people continue growing until they are about twenty-one. 3. Depends much on the kind of position you are likely to obtain. It would be better if deferred for another twelve months. 4. Such conduct would be an insult, and should be resented in a dignified manner.

A Lover of the Post.—Beauty, as regards the complexion of ladies, is an entire matter of taste among the male sex. Even poets and writers of fiction differ in what they consider the exact type of beauty. Some paint their heroines as dark, with raven hair and eyes like sloes; others adopt the brown type; and several, among whom we may mention Dickens in his portrait of Dora, adopt the fairest complexion as their standard. Each style is beautiful in itself, but an unprejudiced judge would find its difficult matter to decide between them.

Bella H. says a young gentleman put to her a question, which he said was German, and wanted her to give him an answer, but she does not understand German, and not liking to ask any one she knows, comes to us for information. What the young gentleman said was "Wollen sie mich kussin?" which means "Will you kiss me?" If he has had to wait for an answer all this time till Bella reads this, it serves him right for not having asked such a very simple question in plain English.

C. E. S.—It is very true that men are driven from home for want of a comfortable fireside. A wife may be very untidy and uncomfortable, or very particularly tidy and fidgety and uncomfortable; either extreme is the source of disaffection. There is nothing like a quiet evening. The very tread of the foot in a room is intolerable to some persons, especially after a day of anxiety or labor. It is not so much a chair or a fireside that is then needed, as the repose of the nervous system. Without this there is not that thorough restoration that nature requires.

F. J. M. asks us to give her a recipe for "decaying teeth, which are also turning black through the medium of the Saturday Evening Post." What does our correspondent mean to insinuate? What can there possibly be in the Post that can cause the teeth to turn black and decay? Is she so fond of it that she must kiss it directly she gets it, and the printer's ink sticks to her teeth? If so, the cause may be accounted for. We would advise F. J. M. to have her decayed teeth plugged, to use prepared charcoal to take away the blackness of the sound ones, and to digest in future only the mental contents of the Post.

Getter Up of a Club.—Our Club Rates for the year are as follows:

2 copies for 1 year for	$ 5 00
7 copies for 1 year for	15 00
10 copies for 1 year for	20 00

and one additional copy free to the getter up of a club of 10. Each subscriber to a club will be entitled to one copy of our beautiful chromo "De Soto," by paying to you, or remitting to us, as follows, to cover the cost of mailing, mounting and varnishing:

For unmounted chromo	20 cents.
For mounted and varnished chromo,	50 cents.

Georgie R. wishes to know what to talk about to a bashful young man in order to fascinate him. Not being acquainted with the young man, we do not know what subjects would suit his capacity or take hold of his fancy. He may be a very dull headed fellow, and so insensible to any but the very smallest of small talk. Or he may be shy, and biding his time for an opportunity to speak with a vengeance. Georgie must rely on her woman's wit, and bring him to book as best she can. If he is worthy and loves her, and has some grains of common sense, it will not be long before his tongue finds its office. Love, the poets tell us, can make even the dumb speak.

Runs (Altoona).—To drive away the moths of which you complain, there are several remedies. One is to put a piece of camphor in a linen bag, or some aromatic herbs, in the drawers, among linen or woolen clothes, and not a moth will come near them. A piece of yellow or turpentine soap wrapped up in a paper; an open bottle containing spirits of turpentine in the wardrobe; pimento (allspice) berries among the clothes; shavings of cedar wood or camphor wood enclosed in muslin bags; these are all recommended and will drive away these pests. 2. In answer to your question regarding Dialogues, read our remarks to Lyceum in this number. We can get you any work you want on this subject, if you will only tell us just what you want, and for what purpose.

Thos. A. P.—"You some time ago published Captain Hall's recipe for the cure of drunkenness, viz.: five grains sulphate of iron, ten grains magnesia, eleven drachms of peppermint water, and one drachm of spirit of nutmeg. The directions were to take a wineglassful twice a day. Having this put up by a druggist, the whole quantity made was less than one wineglassful. Was there not a mistake in this matter, either in the quantities or the directions?" We presumed when we gave the recipe that it was only necessary to give the ingredients and their proportions. Captain Hall presumed the same thing when he first published the recipe. Surely it is not difficult to multiply by ten, or twenty, or by a hundred, the quantity of each ingredient mentioned, and so obtain sufficient to fill a bottle, a demijohn, and so on. The proportions given, you can multiply and mix for yourself—the cost diminishing greatly when you purchase larger quantities of each ingredient.

Ignoramus.—"I read and hear a good deal about the Mennonites, and of their going out in large numbers to some of the Western States, but am ashamed to say I do not know who or what they are. As you seem to have a happy faculty of being able to answer all kinds of questions, can you give me some account of these people?" They are a sect of Ana Baptists, founded by Mennon Symons, in 1536, and from him they derive their name. Mennon was born at Witmarsum, in Friesland (Netherland), in 1505, and died in Holstein, January 13th, 1561. His followers, being obliged to fly from one country to another, first came over to this country, by invitation of William Penn, as early as 1683, and settled in Germantown, Penna. In some respects they are like the Baptists, in others like the Quakers, in still others like themselves. They are opposed to war, and consistently refuse military service or to hold civil office. They decline to take oaths, in obedience to their interpretation of the Christian precept, "Swear not at all." They hold it sinful to receive or pay a salary for preaching, and their preachers are chosen by lot. There are no changes apparent in their relations to the world and business. They toil from Monday morning to Saturday night at the avocations in which they were found when called to the work of the ministry. On the Sabbath they rise before immense throngs of devout people and solemnly tell them that now they are going to hand over the truth just as they get it from the Holy Spirit, and "they feel to say" thus and so.

Miscellaneous.—Fritz.—You would act wisely by treating the parties with silent scorn; they are evidently ignorant, and consequently cannot help being coarse minded. An Ex-Soldier.—Address a letter to the "Land Commissioner, General Land Office, Washington, D. C.," and you will be supplied with all the necessary forms. Quiz.—We do not know, unless Adam had an odd rib when he was made! Tentations.—Madame Vestris died August 8th, 1856, aged fifty-nine. We shall some day soon give a brief historical sketch of this once famous actress. J. O.—Read some standard geological work, such as "Lyell's Principles of Geology," "Lyell's Elements of Geology," and "Nicholson's Geology." W. H. (West Chester.)—Your brother's brother-in-law and sister-in-law are not related to you, and only to him by marriage. R. G. F.—The quartermaster of a ship attends to the helm, binnacle, sails, etc., under direction of the master. His salary varies.

☞ A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.